

# LIFE

**BIGGEST GADGET SHOW ON EARTH**  
**BILL MAULDIN ON 'DO-IT-YOURSELF'**



**NEWEST SINGING CROSBY:  
BING'S NIECE CATHY**

**20 CENTS**

**JULY 25, 1955**



# More Style, More Power, And a Built-in Future!



THE 570 CATALINA

When you buy a Pontiac you make more than a purchase—you make a solid investment in the future.

First of all, Pontiac's years-ahead beauty holds the promise of lasting fashion. And the smart distinction of Pontiac's Twin-Streak styling and Vogue Two-Toning marks you as one of the first to spot a trend.

You make a solid investment, too, in buying the world's most modern power. The

smooth, nimble way it glides you through traffic and the instant, surging, passing power it provides on the highway are constant reminders that Pontiac's mighty Strato-Streak V-8 is all that any engine can be.

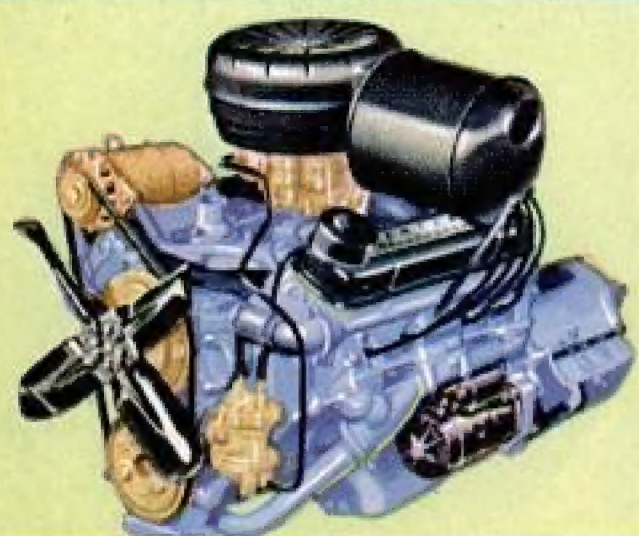
Your Pontiac investment also pays big dividends in peace of mind and safety. You enjoy handling ease that's still a future goal of many other cars—and you relax in the comfort and solid security of the biggest,

huskiest car within hundreds of dollars of Pontiac's price.

Yes, everything about Pontiac says that here's a car that, in a single bold step forward, brings you all that's new and good.

When you consider that you can buy a big, beautiful Pontiac at a price well within any new-car budget, don't you agree that it's the soundest way to invest your automobile dollar? Come in soon for a wonderful buy.

**SEE YOUR NEAREST PONTIAC DEALER**



*Pontiac's Strato-Streak V-8 delivers 200 blazing horsepower with four-barrel carburetor\* and is the most modern, most advanced power you can buy. Its entirely new design reflects years of research and development by Pontiac engineers, backed by General Motors' vast technical facilities.*

\*Low extra-cost option; 180 h.p. standard



# Pontiac

**WITH THE SENSATIONAL STRATO-STREAK V-8**





## "WHAT! NO KITCHEN TELEPHONE?"

Of all things, Mr. Bridegroom! Surely you don't expect that lovely new bride to get along without a telephone in the kitchen!

Maybe there was a time when one telephone seemed enough, just as one radio and one bathroom and one car seemed enough.

But everybody is used to more comfort and convenience these days. And there's nothing that makes life so much easier as telephones around the home.

In the living room, of course. In the kitchen, conveniently hung on the wall. In the bedroom, to save steps and for added peace of mind both day and night. For the son and daughter who'd like telephones of their own, with separate listings.

Would you like to know more about complete telephone service and how surprisingly little it costs? Just call the business office of your local Bell telephone company.

**Bell Telephone System** Complete telephone service for home and business





## Tactics for atomic stalemate

70

Fast combat teams and pinpointed atomic destruction constitute U.S. preparedness for limited warfare in case of a strategic atomic stalemate.



HONEST JOHN ROCKET

## Pots, pans and prosperity

19

Amidst clattering cutlery and gaudy gadgets, 15,000 buyers and sellers reflect U.S. prosperity in an Atlantic City housewares show.



DELUXE KITCHENWARE

## Cathy makes a Crosby foursome

40

First it was Bing, then Bob, and then Gary. Now it's Bob's pretty 16-year-old daughter Cathy who is crashing the crooning business.

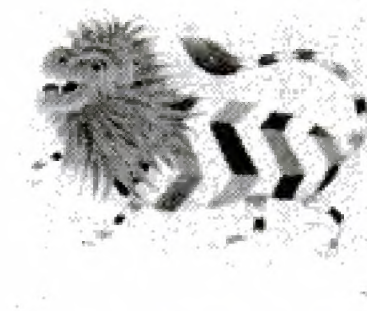


CROSBY No. 4

## A lion's tale

60

LIFE presents a short version of a new fable about how lions got that way by William Pène du Bois, creator of well-loved tales for children.



LION PARTWAY THERE

## Moral victory for Hoxie

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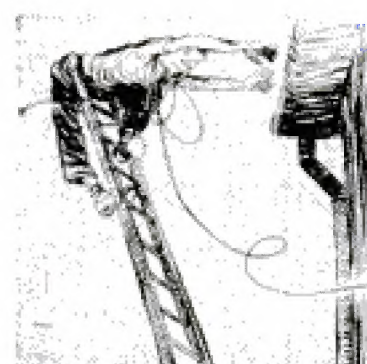


DESEGREGATED PUPILS

## How not to do it yourself

94

Bill Mauldin takes a horrified look at the wholesale carnage butterfingers Do-It-Yourselfers wreak because they ignore safety rules.



CARELESS HANDYMAN

### COVER

Cathy Crosby, Bing's niece, sits in a pink convertible, clutching a black poodle—indispensable accouterments for her role as a new TV star (see pp. 40, 41)

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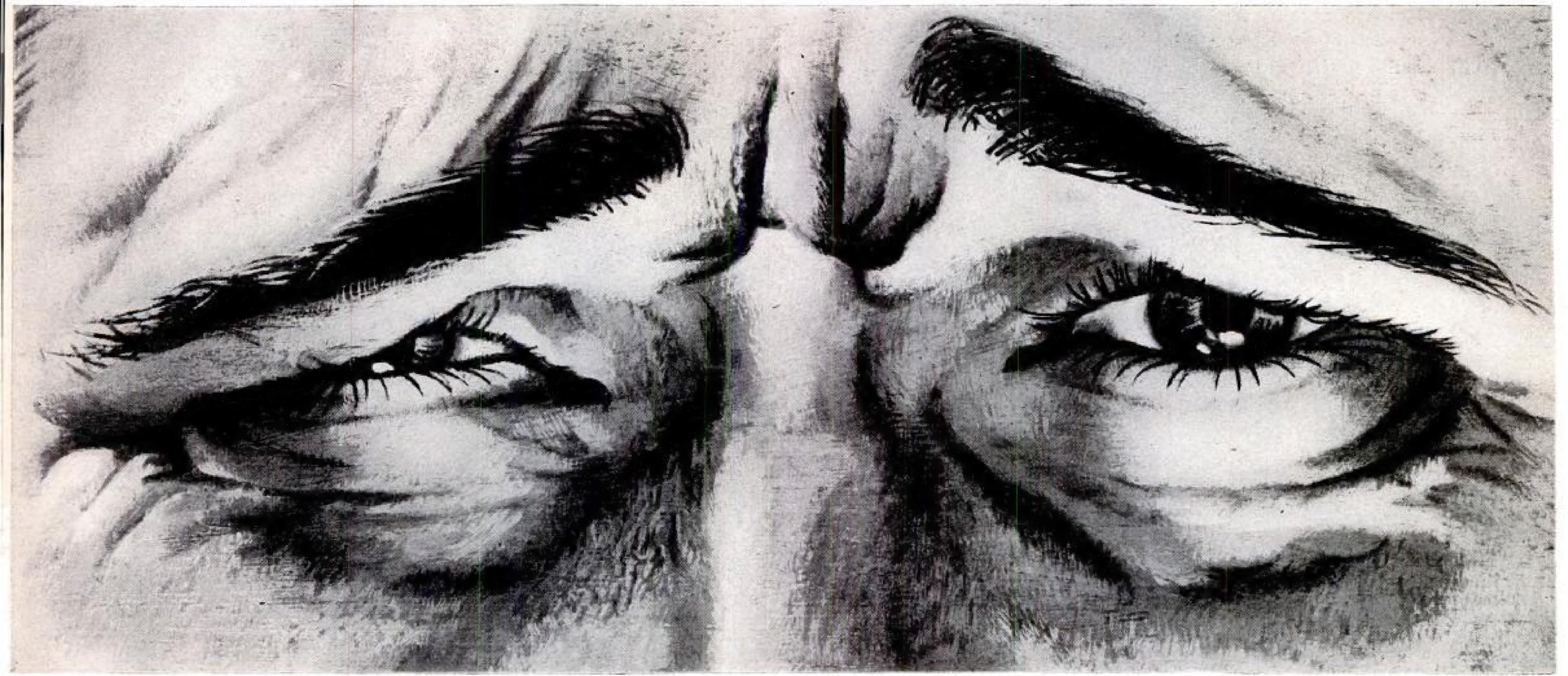
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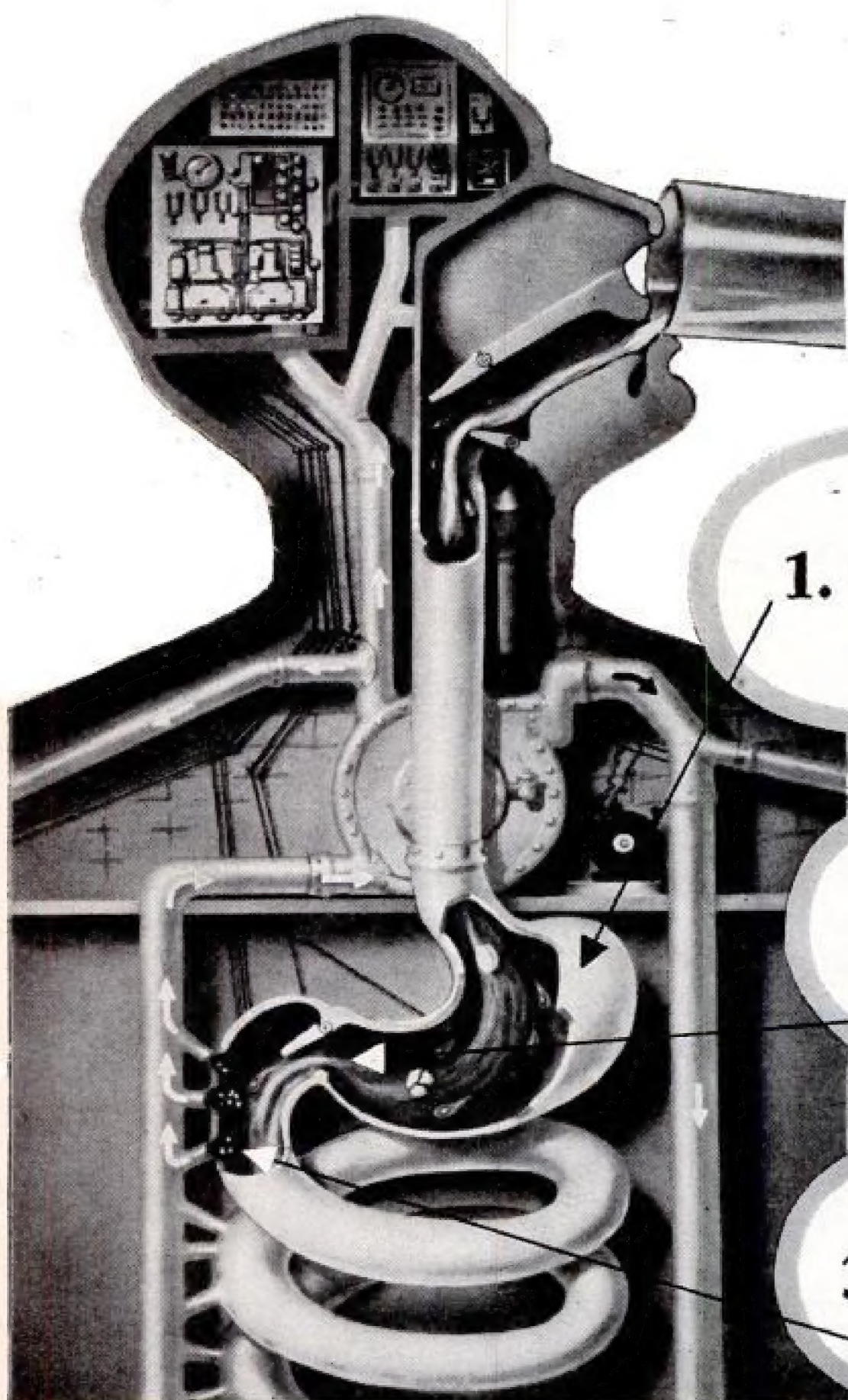


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IF YOU SUFFER FROM PAIN OF ARTHRITIS OR  
RHEUMATISM, ASK YOUR PHYSICIAN ABOUT BUFFERIN.



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## The pony express route is quieter with carpet

As any mother knows, a cowboy leads a hard life.

Hard on the ears, hard on the clothes and, very often, hard on the cowboy.

Carpet on the floor goes a long way toward making life easier all around.

Carpet not only gives warmth and dignity to a room, it is a highly successful investment in comfort, quiet and safety for those you love.

Carpet prevents the slips and skids that often turn a sheriff's posse into just two small boys crying. Carpet swallows noise . . . makes home a quieter, more peaceful place to be.

And keeping carpet clean is easy. Just once around with the vacuum. No scrubbing, rinsing, waxing or polishing.

Carpet gives so much and costs so little — in time, in work and in money. When you move,

of course, your lovely, long-wearing carpet goes with you. You haven't invested time and money in floors you leave behind.

Yes, all in all, you can't do better than carpet for more pleasant living — with or without cowboys. And, at today's prices, you can probably afford to do two rooms for what you think one will cost.

When you visit your carpet store, ask about their budget plan. Do it soon.

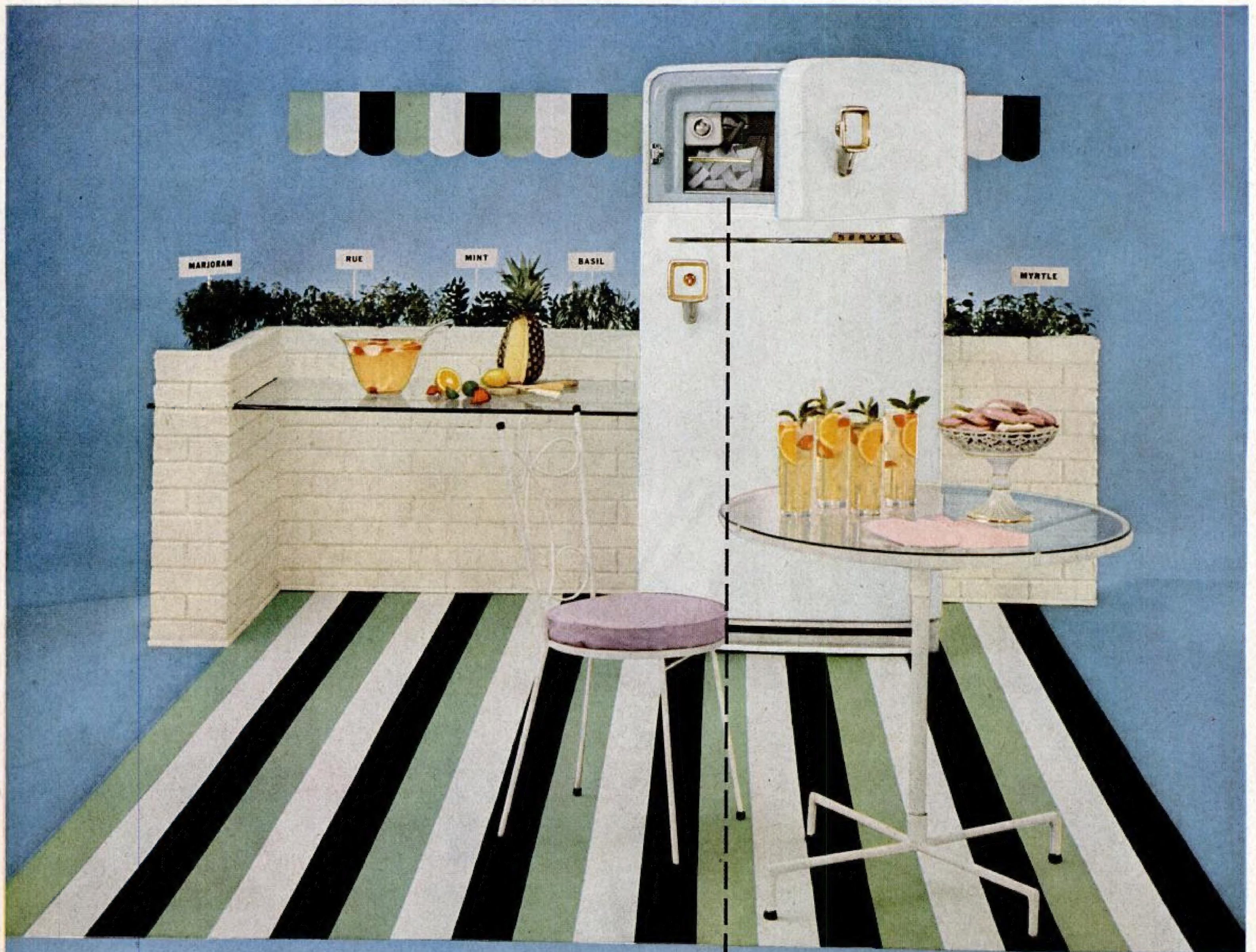
### HOME MEANS MORE—WITH CARPET ON THE FLOOR

MORE QUIET, MORE COMFORT, MORE BEAUTY, MORE SAFETY, EASIER CARE

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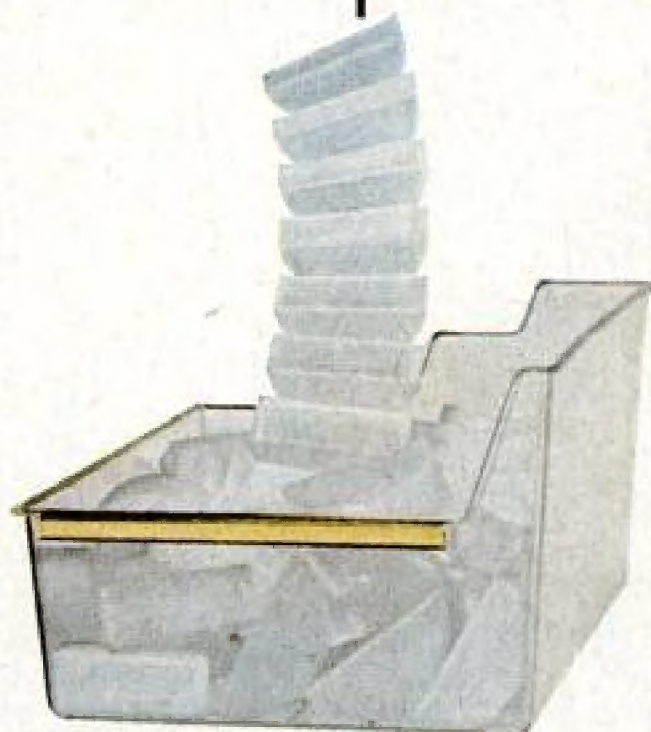
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gives such silent,  
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*GAS—the modern fuel for automatic cooking . . . refrigeration . . . water-heating . . . house-heating . . . air-conditioning . . . clothes-drying . . . incineration.*



# This is the quicker Wesson way to start good fried potatoes....

• POTATO PUFFS



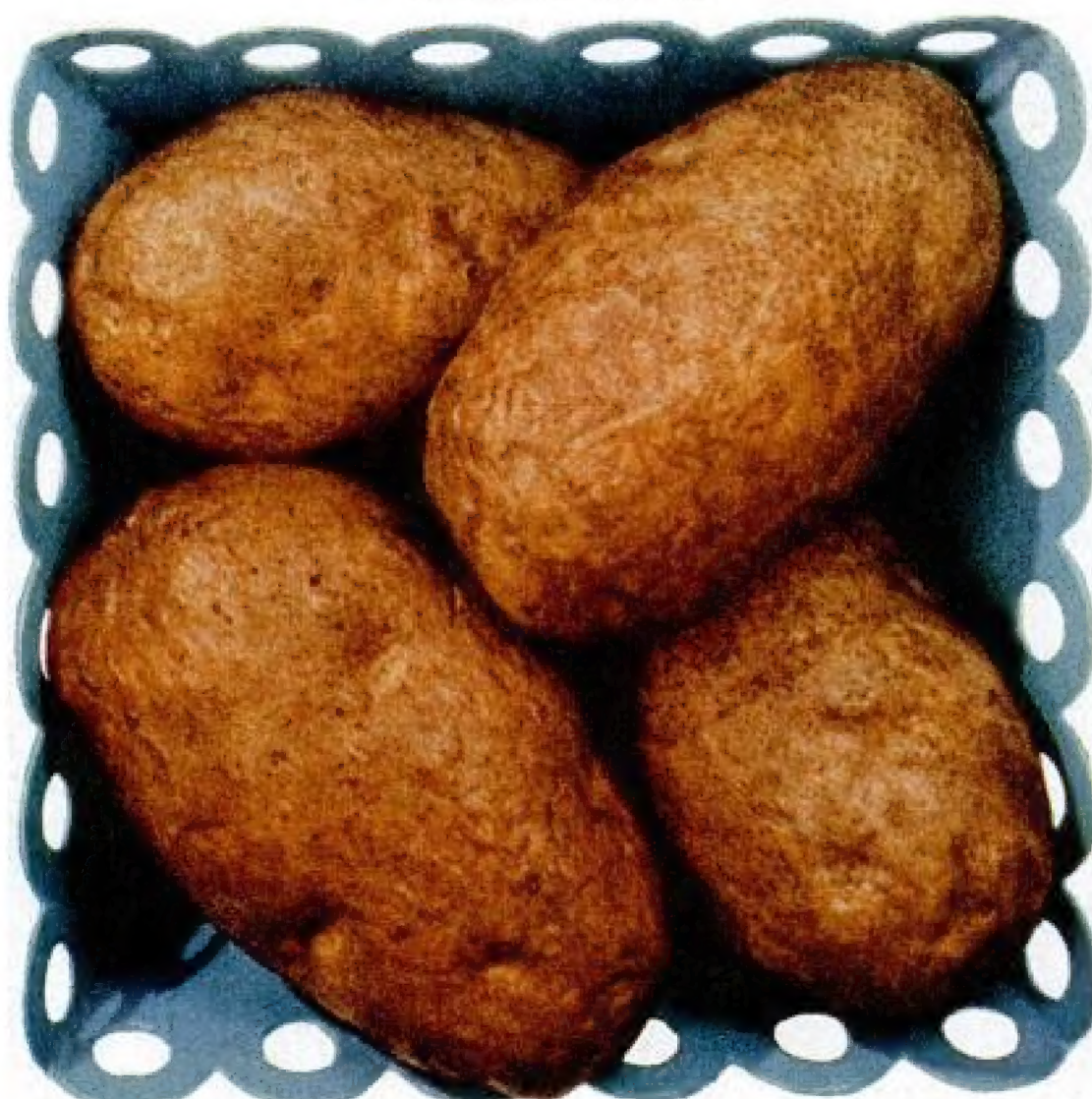
• FRENCH FRIED



• LATTICE FRENCH FRIED



• WHOLE-FRIED



**Ready for frying** whenever you are! That's Wesson Oil—the light, delicate salad oil you *pour* for a happy headstart to tasty, tender-crisp fried potatoes, chicken, fish—all your favorites.

No digging out solid shortening  
No waiting while it melts  
No guessing how much you need

With Wesson, you can see in an instant when you've poured enough, so there's no waste either.

**Foods taste better**, too, fried in this *pure* vegetable salad oil. It has the special mildness and delicacy you like so well.

**For digestibility**, Wesson frying is safer, surer. Costliest vegetable shortenings smoke at frying temperatures. You can heat Wesson Oil far above correct frying temperature and Wesson will not smoke or burn. (Important, because burning fat is breaking down and harming your fried foods.)

**Economy Note:** Because Wesson keeps its purity at frying heat you can strain it and use it again and again for frying.

## TEMPTING FRIES— the Wesson Way

- For "French Fries"—cut potatoes into strips  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch wide and  $\frac{3}{8}$ -inch thick. For Lattice French Fries, cut potatoes with waffle potato cutter. Soak in cold water one hour; drain thoroughly between paper towels. Fry until light brown in deep Wesson Oil heated to 375° F. Wesson Fries are light, digestible.
- For Potato Puffs—add one beaten egg to 2 cups cold, seasoned, mashed potatoes. Form into balls and roll in corn flakes. Fry until golden brown in deep Wesson Oil heated to 375° F. Fine way to use leftover potatoes.
- For "Whole-Fried" Potatoes (a new quick trick to try)—pierce ends of medium size, unpeeled potatoes with a fork. Drop whole into Wesson Oil heated to 350° F. Cook 20 to 30 minutes depending on size. They taste better and cook faster than baked potatoes. Mild Wesson brings out the full flavor.

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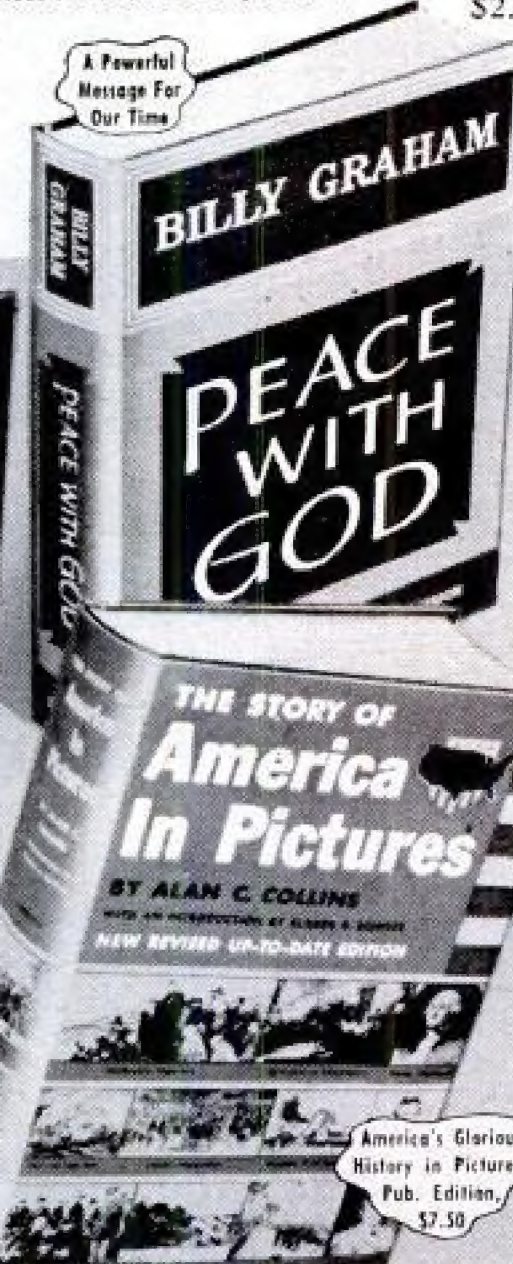
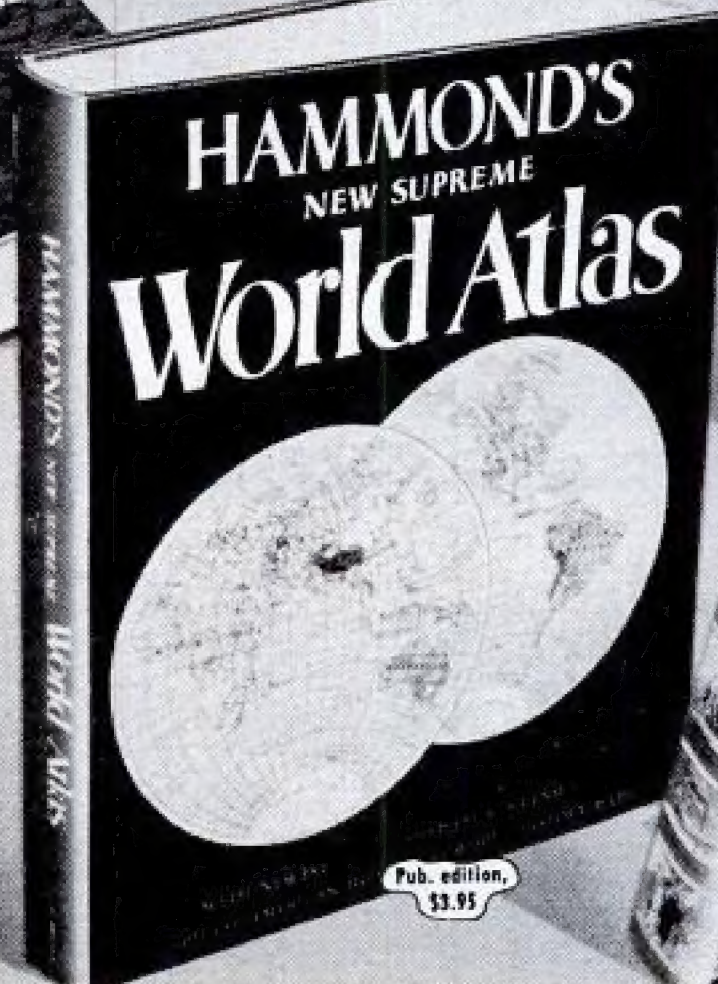
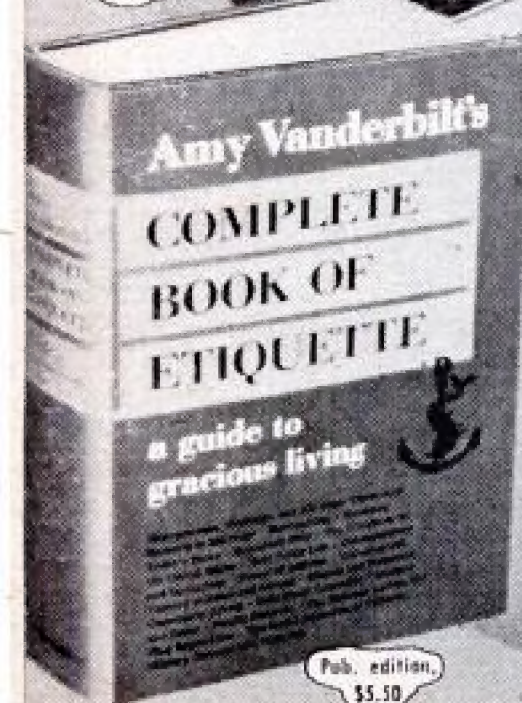
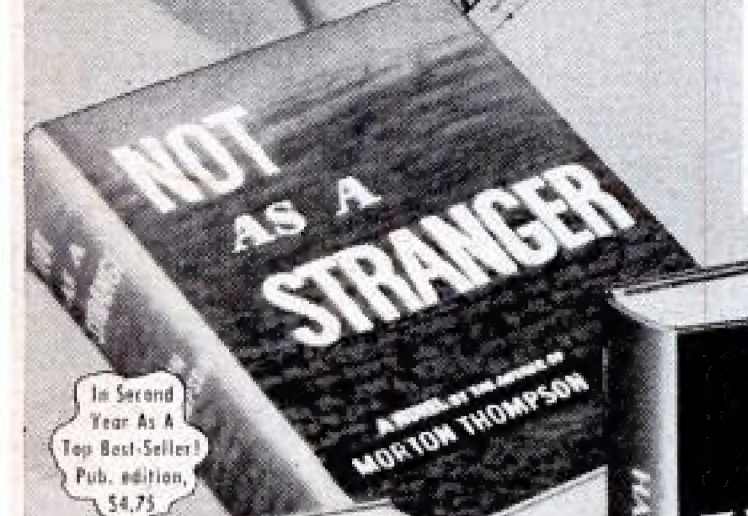
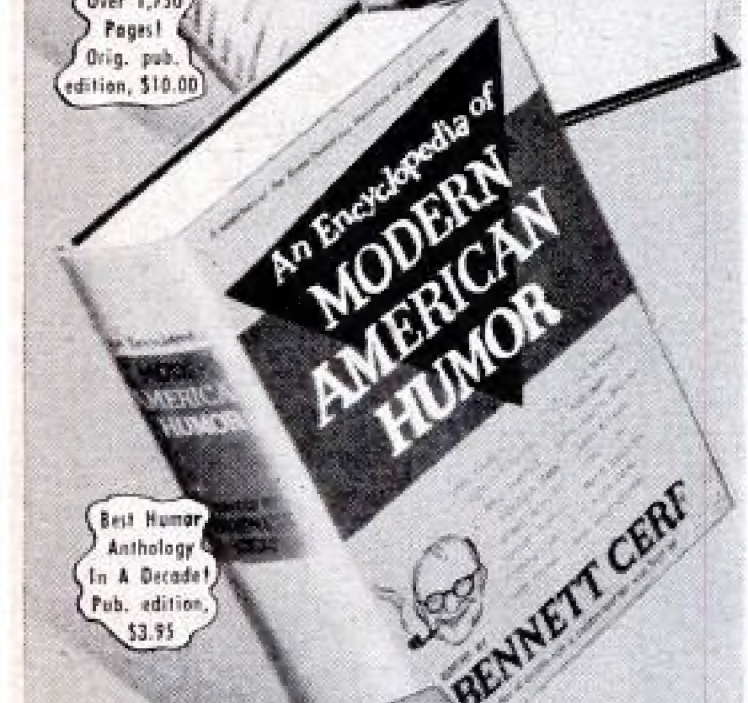
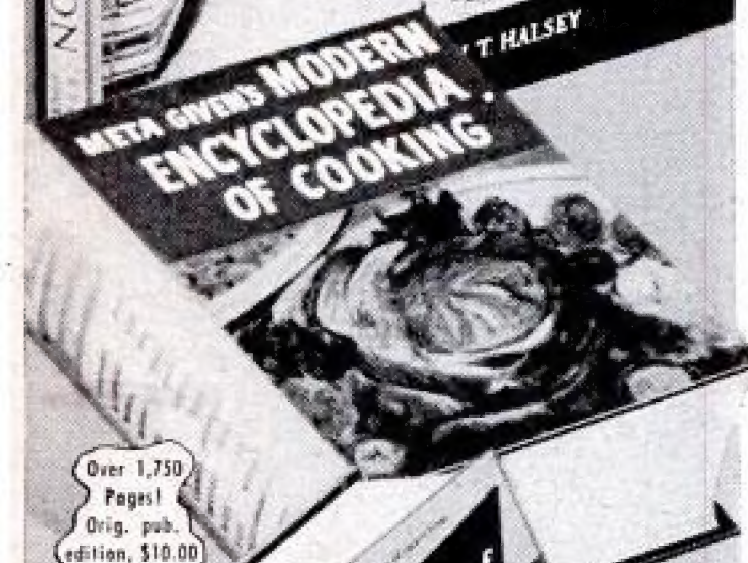
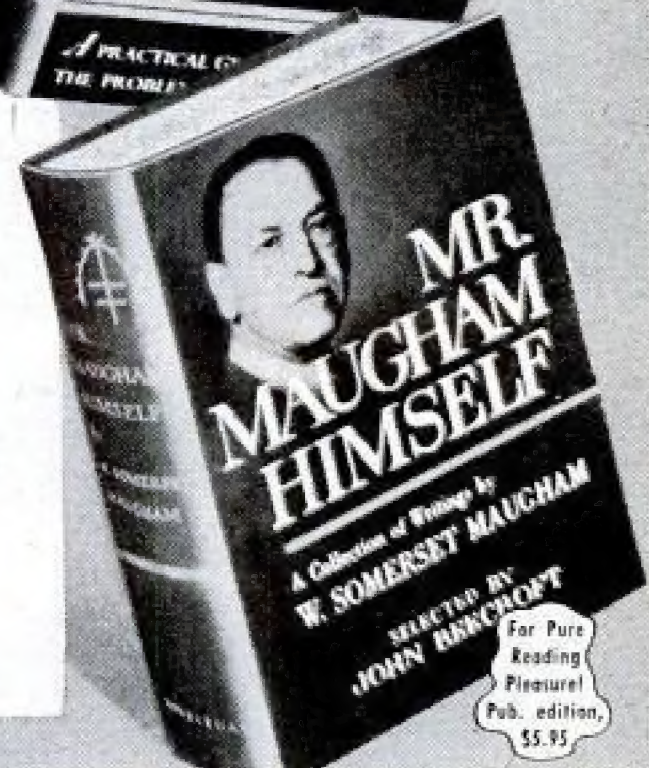
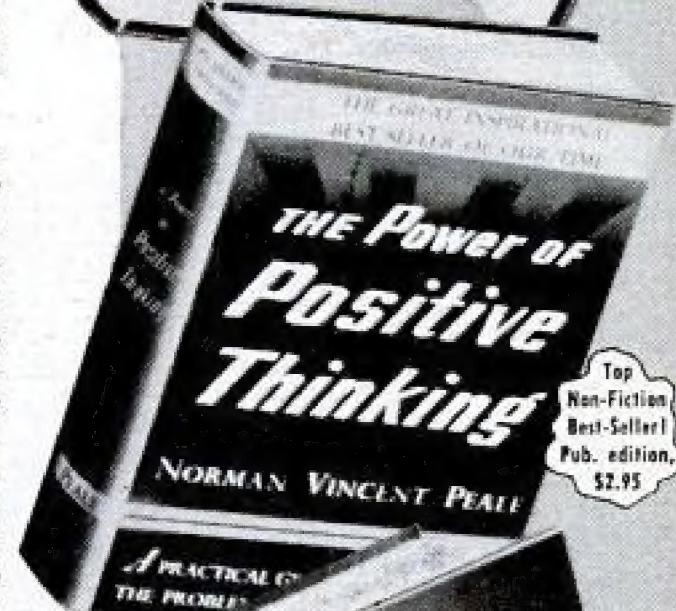
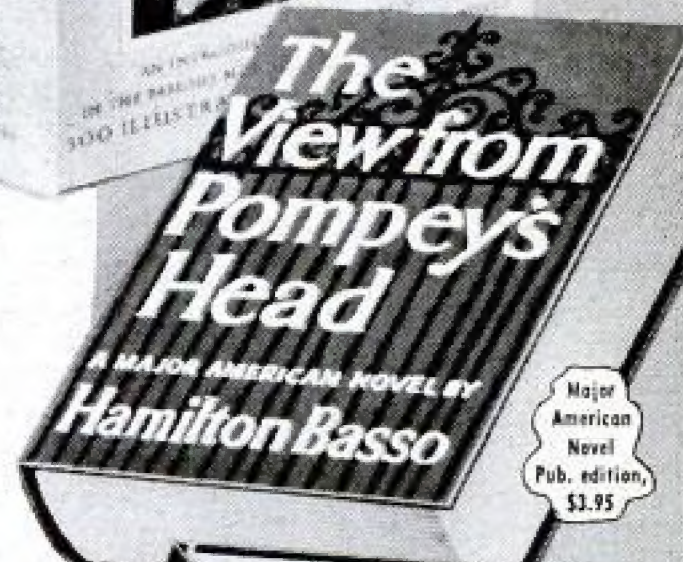
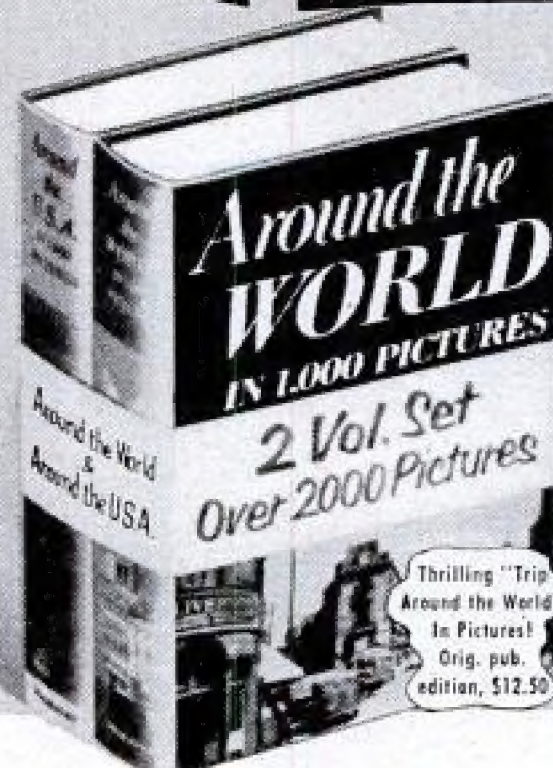
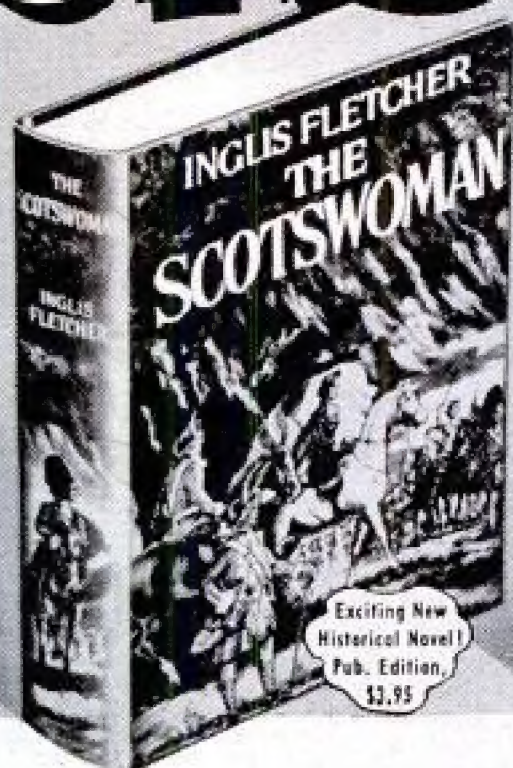
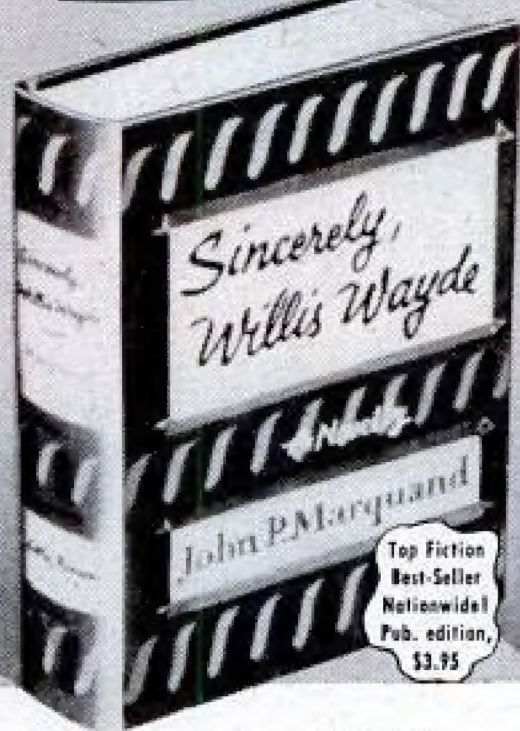
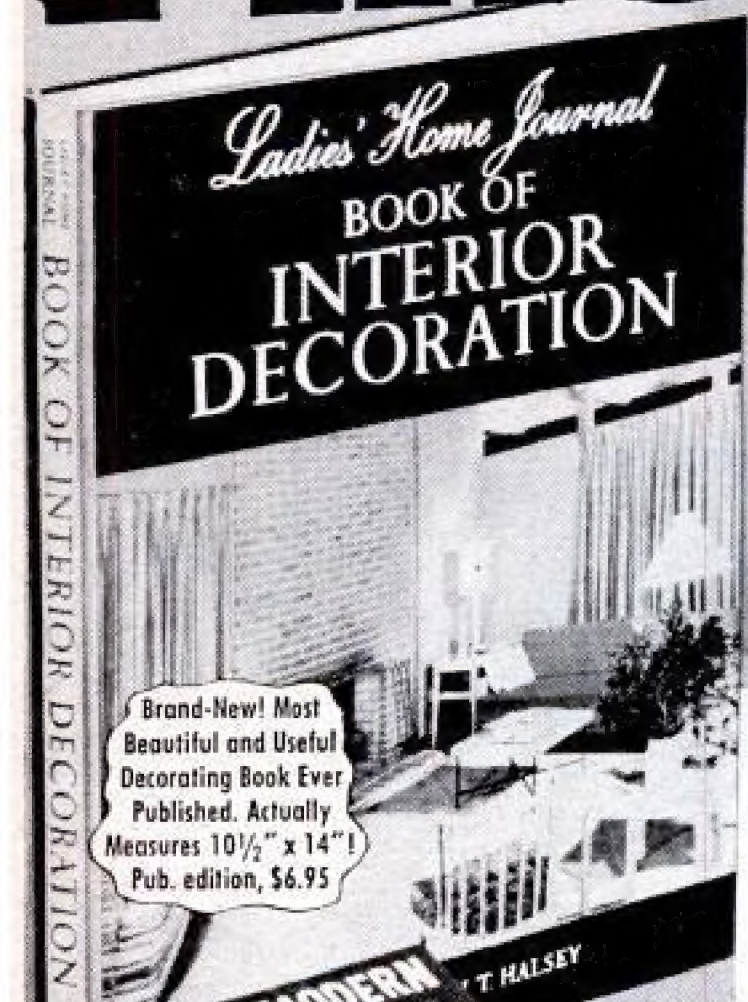




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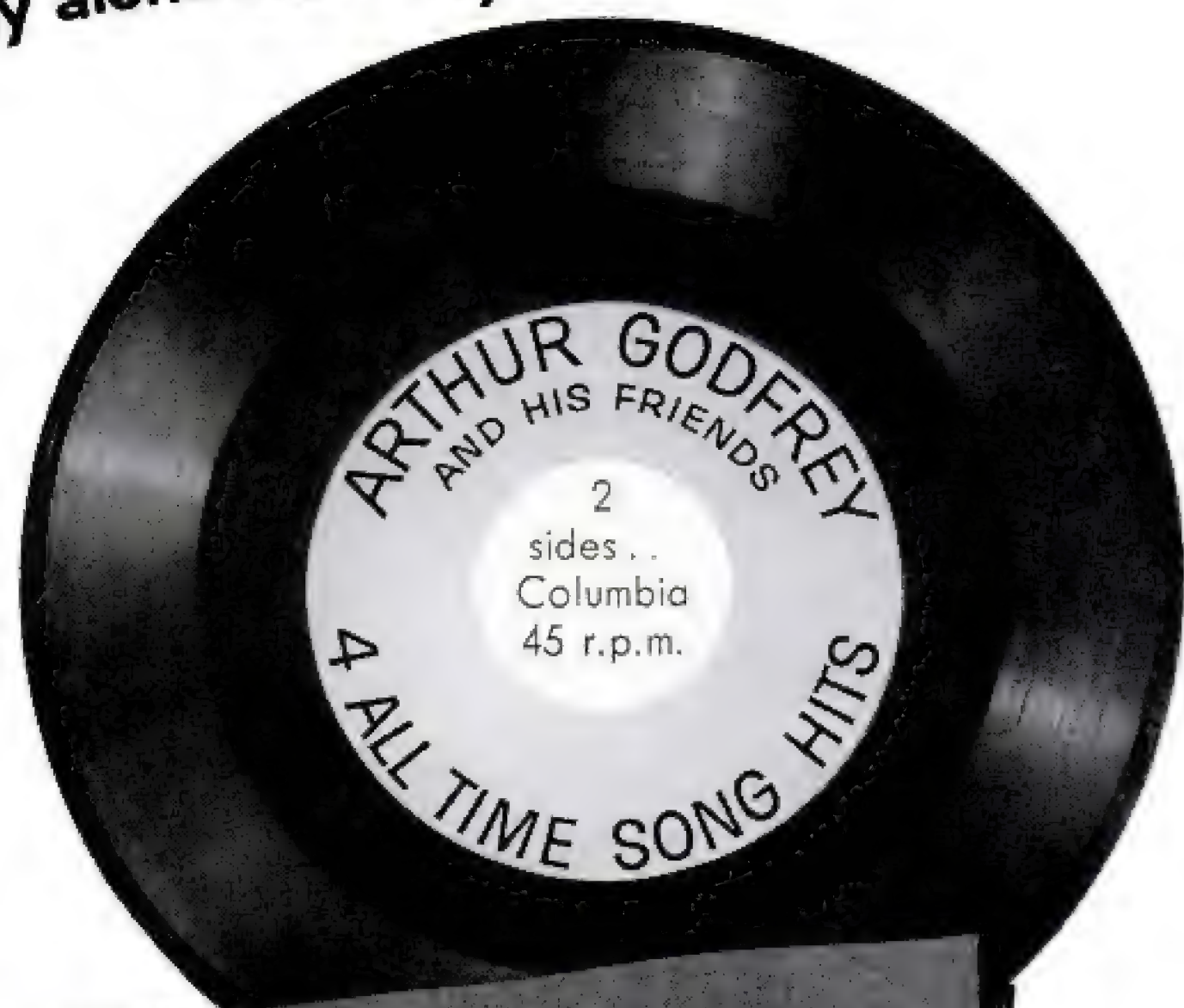
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# LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

## WAR HERO ACTS HIMSELF

Sirs:

It was Audie Murphy himself who insisted that the background music in *To Hell and Back* ("A War Hero Turned Actor Acts Himself as Hero," *LIFE*, July 4) be the 3rd Division's famous song *The Dogface Soldier*, the song with which the 3rd fought from Casablanca across Europe to Nuremberg:

I'm just a dogface soldier  
With a rifle on my shoulder,  
And I eat a Kraut for breakfast every day. . . .

In his war memoirs Lieut. General Lucian K. Truscott, who commanded the 3rd Division in Europe, says that hearing his men sing it was "one of the greatest thrills" he experienced in the war.

JOSEPH FREEMAN

New York, N.Y.



MURPHY IN 1945

Sirs:

It was your cover story 10 years ago (*left*) on a baby-faced Texan who had returned from the wars with the Congressional Medal of Honor and the D.S.C. that started Audie Murphy on his acting career. After seeing the story, James and Bill Cagney offered him a motion picture contract.

BEA TERRY

Hollywood, Calif.

## MEN WHO UNITED THE U.S.

Sirs:

Imagine my delight as a schoolteacher upon finding your article "Men Who United the United States" (*LIFE*, July 4)—a complete history lesson in beautiful colors. It will enrich my classroom this fall.

MRS. DOROTHY WOOD MILLER

Jacksonville, Ala.

Sirs:

Gouverneur Morris was not a representative from Pennsylvania at the Constitutional Convention of 1787. He was a New Yorker. His manor house was located in the Bronx in the area still known as Morrisania.

HENRY PAYNTER

New York, N.Y.

● Born and raised in New York, Gouverneur Morris settled in Philadelphia in 1780 and represented Pennsylvania at the Constitutional Convention. He returned to New York after the convention.—ED.

Sirs:

You overlooked John Rutledge. Following weeks of debate in the summer of 1787, it was clear that the time had come to reduce to writing the substance of these deliberations. It was decided that a small committee should draft the document which later became the Constitution of the United States. John Rutledge, whose stature had long been known and had grown immensely during the long weeks of the convention, was chosen as chairman of this drafting committee.

R. W. HEBARD

New York, N.Y.

## CASH McCALL

Sirs:

I could not lay aside Cameron Hawley's *Cash McCall* (*LIFE*, July 4) until I had read every word. It will do

much to cleanse readers' minds of false concepts concerning big business and great mergers that eventually create such wonders as G.E. and General Motors.

J. LOUIS CORR SR.

High Point, N.C.

Sirs:

As a Wall Street lawyer I have seen the fast-buck boys and their operations at close range. *Cash McCall* could hardly be further removed from reality but it will feed the prejudices of people about Wall Street. Its moronic hokum no doubt will assure its author the kind of success which will qualify him as a real fast-buck man.

DAVID STOCK

South Orange, N.J.

Sirs:

I found *Cash McCall* pertinent reading. The National Federation of Independent Business, a concern which polls American businessmen on issues coming up before Congress, is now asking its members about Senate Bill #2075 that would affect men like Cash McCall. Introduced by Senator Sparkman of Alabama, it would require business firms to inform the federal antitrust agencies of merger plans at least 90 days in advance of action.

E. RICHARDS

San Diego, Calif.

## SPHINX IN MALIBU SANDS

Sirs:

Why do you still insist on displaying seminude starlets ("A Svelte Sphinx in Malibu Sands," *LIFE*, July 4)? If their bodies are their only asset they will not achieve stardom. Try instead to report on their acting ability. If none is present forget them.

EUGENE P. BURKE

Upper Darby, Pa.



SPHINXLIKE GRETA GARBO

Sirs:

Your picture of the "Svelte Sphinx" reminded me of Greta Garbo. When she arrived in Hollywood in 1925 she soon earned the nickname "The Sphinx" because of her reluctance to give interviews. Consequently this composite picture (*above*) was made to publicize her mysterious and magnetic charm.

ENA FIELDEN

New York, N.Y.

## GLORY OF THE OLD FOURTH

Sirs:

It's too bad so many children are denied the experience of fireworks ("Lingering Glory of the Old Fourth," *LIFE*, July 4). Knowledge of how to handle explosives is valuable in everyday life. How are we going to teach our children self-preservation if we eliminate all of the minor hazards?

ARTHUR D. MILES

Livingston, Mont.

Sirs:

Your article on fireworks showed a surprising lack of thought and good judgment. You pointed out that 42 states have been able to ban or restrict the use of fireworks. So why devote seven pages to the "beauty" and "fun" that can be had by using fireworks?

BEULAH M. GROSS

Pittsburgh, Pa.

Sirs:

Thanks to state controls my boys have always been satisfied with the more innocent types of fireworks such as the sparklers in your pictures. Even the sparkler calls for caution, however. Last summer a spark

from one fell into my 12-year-old's sock. Before he could remove his tennis shoe, he had a small but deep powder burn which soon became infected.

DORIS BRAINARD

Campbell, Calif.

## NOBODY IS MAD WITH NOBODY

Sirs:

As a visitor to your country during the past three weeks, I was delighted to read your excellent article on the mood of America ("Nobody Is Mad with Nobody," *LIFE*, July 4). The symbol of this new mood, to me, was a sight I encountered in a New Orleans supermarket. The most exclusive beverage of my country—champagne—was being sold side by side with your soap, cereals and cigarettes.

JOSEPH DARGENT

Champagne Producers of France  
Epernay, France



BEAN'S "DAVY CREWCUT"

Sirs:

My husband has an off-beat sense of humor and a practical talent for cutting hair; my 4-year-old's main attributes are a thick shock of fast-growing hair and a Davy Crockett mania. All these facts met head on one evening, and the next thing I knew my son looked like this (*left*). My only problem is persuading Hal to allow his "Davy Crockett hat" to be clipped off eventually.

MRS. STEWART BEAN  
Las Cruces, N. Mex.

Sirs:

I think we adults are at fault to print and foster anything so ridiculous as the "Davy Crewcut." Boys Doug Wever's age need guidance. It would be better to feature the right styles for youngsters.

LUCILE H. CAVANAUGH

Chicago, Ill.

## SERPENT HUNT IN ARCHIVES

Sirs:

Your article on snake charmers at work in the Egyptian ministry of finance ("Serpent Hunt in Archives," *LIFE*, July 4) took me back 30 years when, as a small boy, I witnessed a similar scene in Egypt. Our garage was infested with snakes. After suitable negotiations the local snake charmer turned up one morning with an old mailbag to hold the day's catch. He walked up and down in front of the garage, reciting and occasionally bursting into doleful and rather monotonous song. His methods were certainly effective, for a good half dozen snakes came out and were duly picked up.

DR. A.G.S. HEATHCOTE

Willowdale, Ontario, Canada

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ABBE FOURE, A RECLUSE, NEVER EXPLAINED HIS WORK

## PIRATES IN STONE

### Rocks on Breton coast tell a violent family history

These imposing rock figures were sculptured out of a cliff on the coast of Brittany a half century ago. A French Roman Catholic priest named Adolphe Fouré carved them, along with more than 300 others, to tell the story of a little-known pirate clan, the Rothéneufs.

Just why the abbé, who died in 1910, spent his last 25 years immortalizing this band of ruthless men in 600 square yards of carving no one will ever know, but the history of the Rothéneufs obviously inspired it. They started out as fishermen but in the middle of the 16th Century turned to smuggling and piracy. They became rich and feared, and built a magnificent fleet of galleys. All went well until the French

Revolution in 1789 when the Rothéneufs started fighting among themselves. Taking advantage of their weakness, other pirates joined with the revolutionary army in attacking them. In one climactic battle the Rothéneufs were defeated on the sea, their ships destroyed in a storm and their women and children killed by revolutionary soldiers. As the dead and dying lay on the rocky coast, legend has it that sea monsters, never seen before, came out of the water to devour them.

Abbé Fouré makes this apocalyptic ending the center of his sculptured history, which is appropriately carved on a cliff between one inlet called "heaven" and another called "hell."



FAMOUS ROTHENEUFS, Gargantua (left) and Job overlook Atlantic Ocean. Gargantua, commander



PIRATE'S WIFE, hair piled on top of her head, guards the rocky entrance to the "Inlet of Heaven."

UNFAITHFUL WIFE gets booted by a returning Rothéneuf while his mistress looks on and laughs.





of the family fleet, was the clan's biggest eater. Job was the confidential agent of M. de Rothéneuf.

**LAST OF ROTHENEUFS** (*below*) is grabbed by a sea monster. The family would be forgotten if the

abbé had not carved its history. All record of them has been lost except for one pamphlet on his work.





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## POTS, PANS AND PROSPERITY

BOOM TAKES OVER HOUSEWARES AS U.S. MANUFACTURERS PUT ON BIGGEST SHOW

Pots have been identified with the state of U.S. prosperity at least since the slogan "two chickens in every pot" was derisively attached to the pre-1929 boom. Last week, at a time when the country had more money to spend than ever before, the trend seemed to be running toward two pots for every chicken, fish, egg and carrot. At the 23rd National Housewares Show in Atlantic City, store buyers surveyed a conglomeration of gadgets and spent

a record \$250 million stocking inventories. In this booming market pots and pans, exhibited on turntables and even swathed in white fox (*above*), outsold all other merchandise.

The motley housewares industry, which embraces a large variety of goods—electric fans, chips for fish bowls, shower curtain clips, bottle openers and squeegee mops—has within the past few years jumped into the big business category. Last year \$3 billion worth of

housewares were sold and the gross should be far greater in 1955—a dramatic example of over-all U.S. prosperity. Manufacturers are also becoming more ingenious at contriving to make last year's vacuum cleaner and frying pan obsolete. This year's convention produced such new wonders as alarm clocks that turn on and off at the touch of a finger, a rug cleaner that is safe to drink and an atomizer for spraying the merest dash of vermouth into martinis.





**PEP TALK** is given by Sales Manager Al Miller (*right*) to salesmen for Pearl-Wick, the largest manufacturer of bathroom hampers in the world. Salesmen wore black shorts, gave canes to foot-weary buyers and sold 50,000 hampers during week.



**JUG OF LIQUOR** (*left*) is given to C. M. McCreery (*center*), vice president of Revere Copper and Brass and president of the Housewares Association, who was named the industry's top man of the year by Southeastern Housewares Club.



**SPRAWLING REST** is taken by Maryon Hutchinson, wife of E. M. Hutchinson, one of the owners of the Continental Scale Corporation of Chicago, Ill. She was exhausted after helping to hoist and affix Health-o-Meters in the display booth.



**VIEW FROM BALCONY** SHOWS CENTER AISLES OF MAIN FLOOR OF EXHIBIT



**SPRAWLING WAIT** for buyers gives Ralph Wilde of Hardesty-Quittner, Inc., manufacturers and importers of fireplace equipment, a chance to brush up on his sales spiel which concerns a knight in armor and other brass specialties.





WHERE BUYERS AVERAGED 12-MILE DAILY WALK

## 7,500 GADGET BUYERS AND 7,500 SALESMEN

The buyers poured into Atlantic City from every state in the U.S., from Canada, Australia, New Zealand, Hawaii and Europe. There were 7,500 of them, the largest number ever to attend this housewares show, and they found a record number of 7,500 salesmen, or one for each buyer.

It cost \$500,000 merely to ship the sample goods to Atlantic City, and manufacturers paid twice that much again for booth rentals and displays. Salesmen set up shop on three floors of Convention Hall, covering 3½ acres, to show off half a million gadgets in 554 booths.

The largest group of buyers was from department stores and other large retail outlets. Next most important were wholesale distributors like Tiny Shemel (p. 24), who buy for smaller retail stores or specialize in premium merchandise. A comparatively new group, accredited only in recent years, represented the supermarkets—rack jobbers who bought mostly plastics and cleaning materials.

Some of the things they bought are shown on the next two pages. Sometimes they ran into the "soft sell"—"Sit down, we don't want you to order anything, just get acquainted." But they also encountered the "hard sell," a pitch which involves holding onto the prospect's lapel and pleading, "Look, write your order now—we'll give you a special discount!"



**MINIATURE POTS AND PANS** (above) attracted children. Scale models of Revere's regular line, they are copper-clad steel and usable for actual cooking.

**OUTSIZED POSTER** of attractive girl (below) with Woodpecker Woodware salt and pepper mills paid off in orders of \$5,200 for regular-sized mills.



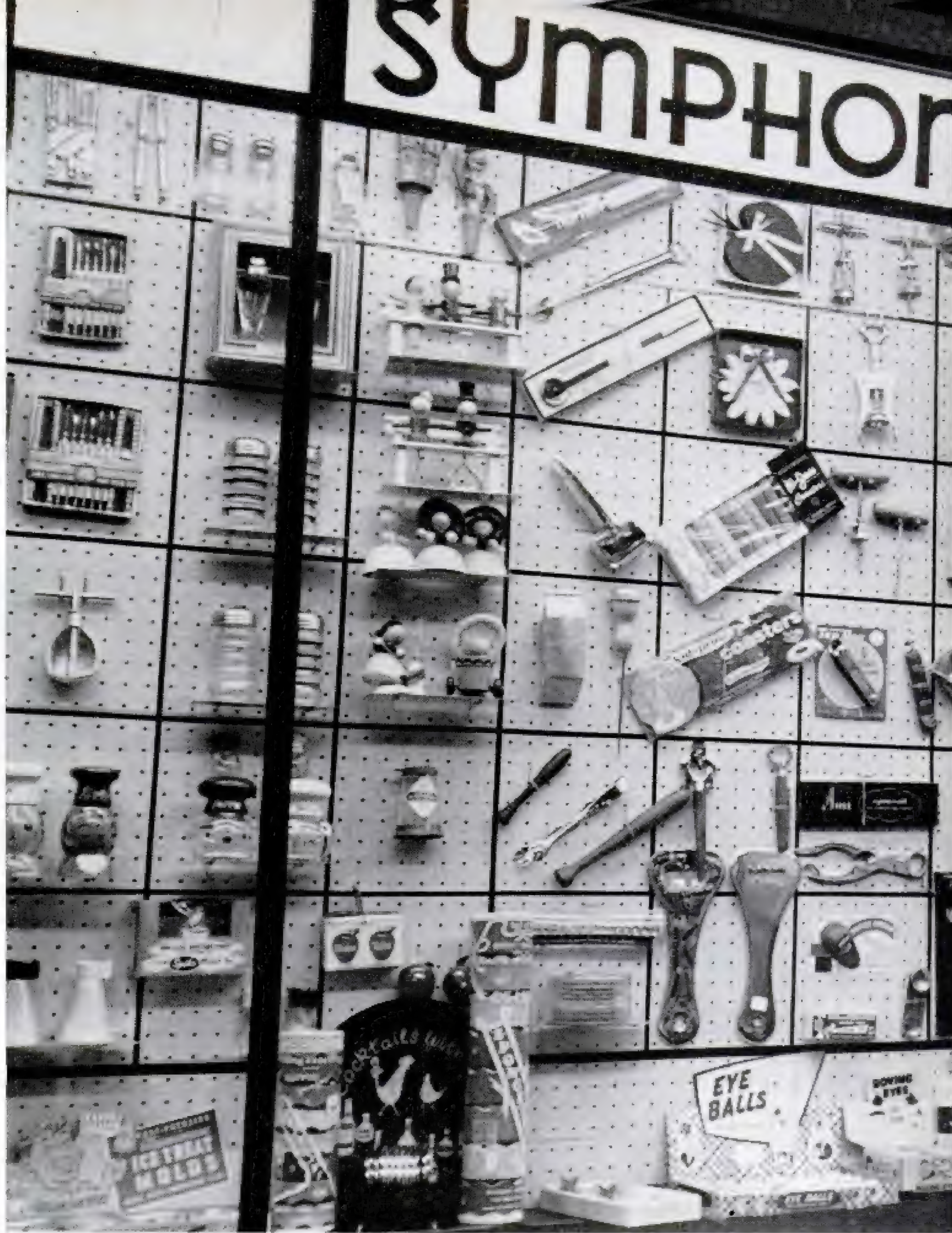




**NEW HAMPER** sold by Pearl-Wick, which makes 6,000 a day, is equipped with chrome rings for towels and shelf across top to hold bottles, cosmetics.

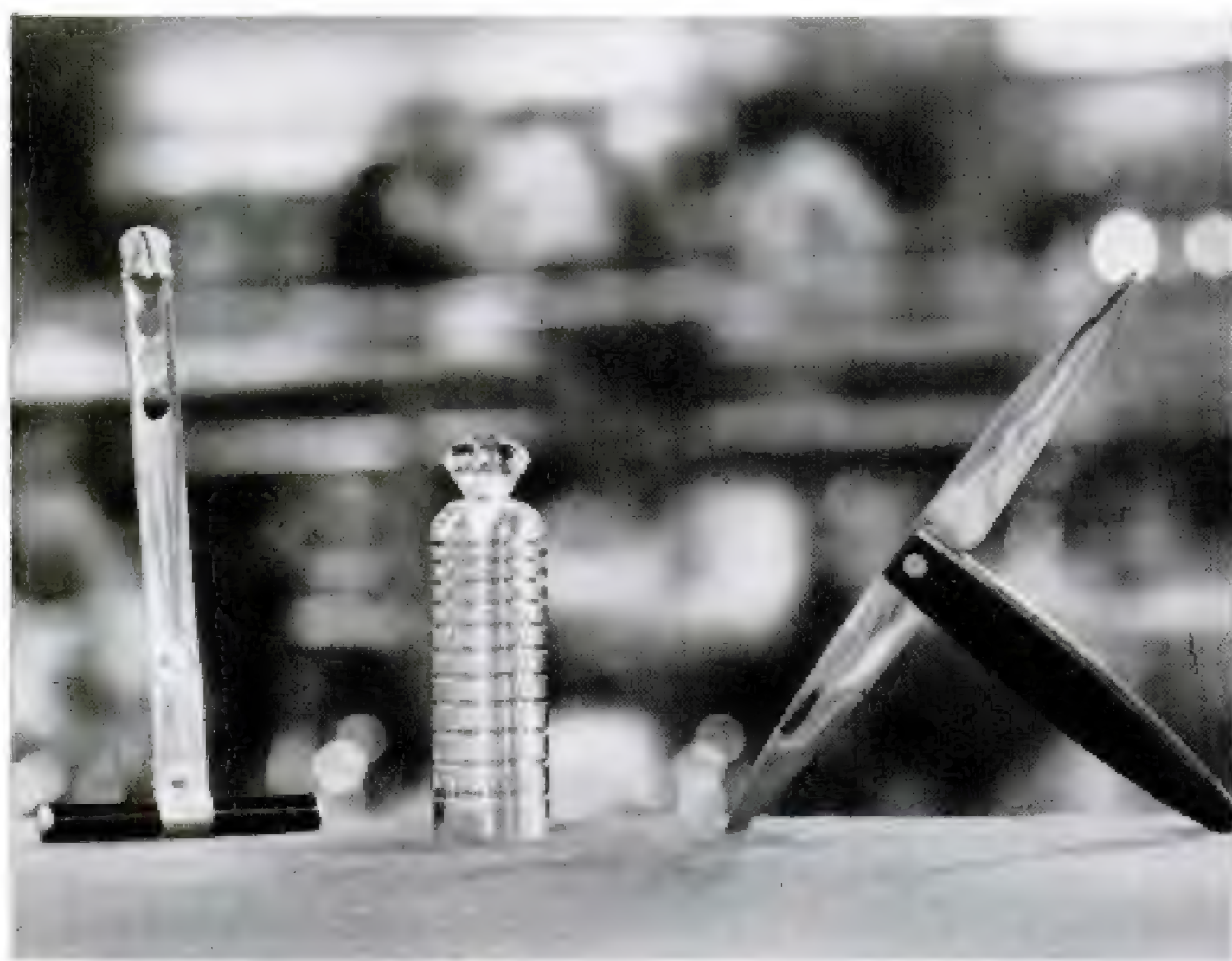


**FLIPPER-LIFTER** for pancakes, made by Ekco, has scoop shape which makes it easier to give pancakes a professional flip. Two hundred dozen were sold.



**1,001 GADGETS**—by actual count—were displayed by the William F. Mayer Co. of New York on pin-up boards and tables. In this section Salesman Julian

Rathe hangs punch bowl ladle on a peg. It took five men three days to assemble display. Items on board include: giant bottle openers (above eyeballs, left);

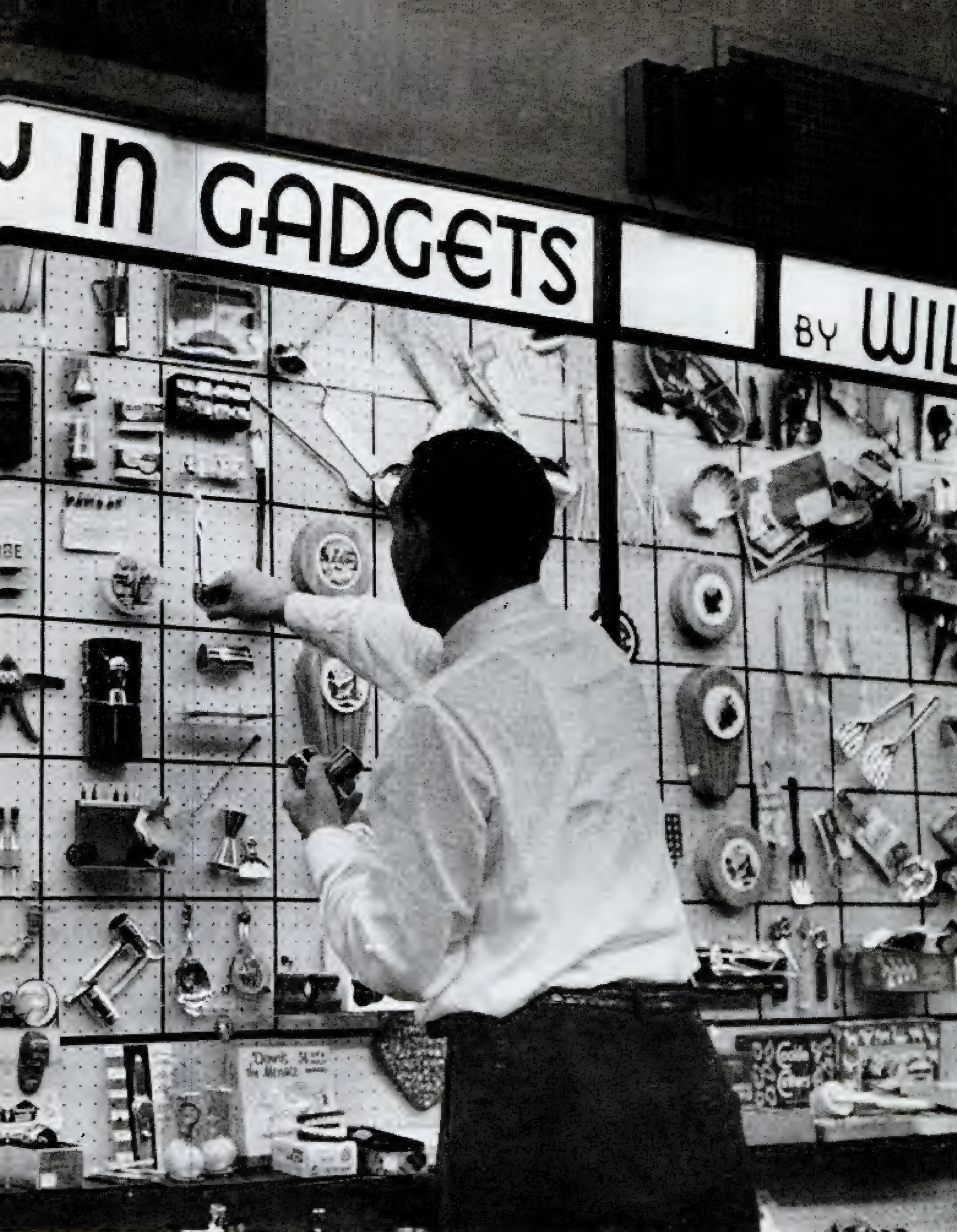


**ODD TRIO** of gadgets exhibited by G. M. Thurnauer Co. are, from left: retriever for fishing corks out of wine bottles, metal gimmick to cool cup of coffee, two-bladed kitchen knife. Cork retriever and knife cost \$1 each; cooler is \$2.50.

**SQUARE FRYING PAN** by Westinghouse is exhibited by Ralph Sorenson to buyers from three states. At lower right is first electric frying pan made by Westinghouse in 1910. New electric model can be washed safely, has spread-even heat.







eyeballs made of plastic to put in drinks as a joke if this seems humorous; strainer (left of salesman's elbow) for straining southern mint juleps made by

Northerners; table bells shaped like girls in sunbonnets (four down in third row from left); hamburger presses and knife rack (right of salesman).



**CONTRAST IN APPEAL** is from G. M. Thurnauer Co. Onion chopper was their best seller. Ladle at top, which weighs food automatically, was worst.



**POPULARITY RECORD** was set by Bostwick's Hep oven cleaner which sold 260,000 cans in two days. After oven is sprayed, dirt can be sponged off.



**MONEY MAKERS** in Mayer gadget booth were one-cup drip coffeemaker (left), French fry cutter (top), egg wedger for slicing boiled egg (right), shoestring paring knife, scoop to take fat off soup, golf ball corkscrew to handicap the home bar.

← **PERAMBULATING VACUUM** by General Electric rolls smoothly up and down stairs on soft rubber tires. New robin's egg blue and copper model has large throw-away filter bag and toe-touch control. It was one of biggest attractions.





BUYER TINY SHIMEL (AT LEFT) WEIGHS MERITS OF FEDERAL'S PINK PAN



SALESMAN JACK NAUMANN EXTOLS RUSTPROOF ICE BUCKET BY PLAS-TEX



TINY DISPLAYS SOME GADGETS AND HOUSEWARES HE BOUGHT IN QUANTITY



TOUTING TRIPL-AIRE FAN TO CLEVELAND BUYER, NAUMANN CLINCHES SALE



TAKING BOARDWALK CHAIR TO HOTEL, TINY AND PARTNER CONTINUE WORK



FALCO-FOLD TABLE, HE DECLARES, DOES EVERYTHING BUT CLIP POODLE

## BIG BUYER SPENDS OVER A MILLION

Ben Shimel, a housewares buyer for 23 years who is affectionately known in the trade as Tiny, is a partner in J-S Sales Co. of New York. He buys over a million dollars worth of housewares a year, and as a direct result of the Atlantic City show he will place \$750,000 worth of orders. His company will distribute these housewares to large corporations to be used as prizes, presents and premiums. Last year his biggest order was for \$40,000 worth of scales, hampers and ironing boards for an industrial firm which gave them to employees who worked for six months without accidents. Typical items he bought at this year's show, assembled before him (*above, middle picture*), are a portable mixer and knife sharpener, lazy Susan, electric coffee maker, cutlery set, heater, canisters, saucepan.

## SUPER SALESMAN SELLS MILLIONS

Jack Naumann, manufacturers' representative with his own firm, the John E. Naumann Co. of Cleveland, sells housewares for several manufacturers throughout Ohio, Michigan and western Pennsylvania. Naumann currently handles Glamorene rug cleaner, Puritan toilet seats (the U.S. buys one million toilet seats a month and Naumann says the replacement market has scarcely been tapped), Aluminum Specialty Co. cake pans, Plas-Tex ice buckets, Falco tables, Lasko fans, Inland coffee servers—all with equal enthusiasm. He covers his territory in an air-conditioned Cadillac and does \$3 million worth of business a year. At the show he turned down 12 offers to push new products but yielded to E-Z Iron's blandishments, adding ironing board covers to his line.







# NUCLEAR WARS CAN BE SMALL

On retiring as Army Chief of Staff, General Ridgway wrote a long letter (unpublished until last week) explaining his military philosophy. It differs, or appears to, from that of President Eisenhower and Admiral Radford. Ridgway says our whole military establishment is "inadequate in strength and improperly proportioned" to meet the likeliest kind of Communist threat. The threat he fears is not a general nuclear war, which he thinks we have overemphasized, but continued Communist nibbling at the borders of the free world with old-fashioned weapons. To counter this threat, says Ridgway, American diplomacy should be backed up by something a lot more flexible and versatile than "massive retaliation."

The Ridgway argument is not new. He last used it to oppose the cut in U.S. ground troops in this year's military budget. At the time of Dienbienphu, the ultimate reason for our impotence was that we couldn't or wouldn't commit ground troops in Indochina. We must expect more Dienbienphus, thinks Ridgway. With "the day of nuclear plenty" almost at hand, the U.S., Russia and "even smaller powers" will all have so many H-bombs there will be "a mutual cancellation of nuclear advantage"—i.e., a stalemate. The nation best prepared for all kinds of limited war will then have the advantage, and that nation is now Russia.

But "massive retaliation" is not the only kind of warfare contemplated by the U.S. right now. In this issue (pp. 70-83) appears a photographic essay on the latest developments in weapons and tactics for limited war. It shows the Army, the Navy, the Marines and the Air Force all trying to create a mobile ready force to stop aggression where and when it occurs, anywhere in the world. It is certainly not a picture of everybody leaving everything to the Strategic Air Command of General Curt LeMay. No doubt the whole Army and Marine Corps ought to be airborne, perhaps we don't have enough men to implement our new ground force techniques, and maybe SAC gets too much of our military budget. But it certainly doesn't get it all. The whole trend of the new techniques is toward

the mobility of all the services and their readiness for all kinds of localized and limited war conditions.

The pace-setter is the nuclear weapon itself, which has been adapted to a variety of sizes and targets. It is no longer just an instrument of race suicide, like the giant H-bomb, but a tactical weapon useful against strictly military objectives at limited risk to civilian populations. All the services are learning to live with these weapons and are committed to their use.

If there is a weakness in the U.S. military posture, it is probably this: the "domestication" of atomic warfare—i.e., limiting nuclear weapons to tactical targets—is probably not widely enough understood or its implications widely enough accepted. When people, even Ridgway, talk about a nuclear stalemate (or outlawry), they usually mean *all* nuclear weapons. But if we denied ourselves *all* such weapons it would set U.S. military technology back 10 years.

We have to be prepared for a general war, including an exchange of H-bombs with Russia; this kind of preparedness, which primarily means SAC, is responsible for such peace as we have had so far. But if this were the whole of our preparedness, we could be accused of criminally specializing in the kind of war that could finish the human race. That is not the case. At least we have started to catch up on alternatives to SAC. Now what is needed is a general understanding that these alternatives to an H-bomb war also involves nuclear weapons.

War with these weapons can be just as limited as war with bows and arrows. A limited war doesn't have to be an old-fashioned war; nor is it a crime (as Eisenhower said last January) for warriors to be effective and efficient and economical. If this becomes generally understood, there is no reason why atomic defense against limited aggression should be any more dangerous to civilization than the Crimean War or any of the border-policing engagements in mankind's struggles to achieve order and wider areas of liberty under law.

## A 'BUBBLE ON THE BOOM'?

The miraculous U.S. boom has now pushed our national income above the \$300 billion mark (annual rate) for the first time in history. So far, 1955 has been a record year in employment, incomes, spending and investment. Says the First National City Bank of New York, "In one sense the news is too good."

Meaning what? Meaning that "the elements making for caution may have been weakened." The new C.I.O. wage rates in autos and steel, and the consequent hike in the price of steel, have increased the possibility that after nearly three years of stable prices, we may be in for another round of inflation. If this possibility should lead to too much speculative stockpiling we could expect what the First National City calls a "bubble on top of the boom."

The difference between prosperity (good) and inflation (bad), between boom and bubble, is very simple. It applies at all levels of the economy. In the case of the recent wage increases, for example, they make for prosperity if they are accompanied by a comparable increase in labor's productivity; if not, they make for inflation. Detroit has hitherto increased its productivity under the stimulus of higher wage costs. It is trying to do so again (that is what the Studebaker strike vote is about). It will be time to start worrying when the automakers are frustrated in this effort, or when they stop trying and just charge more for their cars.

A boom is always accompanied by speculation, as in the

current New York stock market. But most of the big buyers there—the insurance and pension fund trustees and other institutional investors—are not speculating but buying income, which is healthy. If and when the hope of easy capital gains becomes the dominant market force, then the boom becomes a bubble. It loses touch with reality and "acquires a dynamic of its own," as the economists say. This "dynamic" consists of too many people trying to get rich without working. Pretty soon they think they *deserve* to get rich without working.

Thus the difference between boom and bubble lies in the mind and behavior of every individual American. The boom can last as long as we remember the connection between our prosperity and our work, and practice ordinary caution. One sign that things are not too bubbly is that highly speculative TV show, *The \$64,000 Question*. Nobody has yet risked his winnings (which double as the questions get harder) for the sake of the final sum. The big winners seem to figure that \$8,000, \$16,000 or \$32,000 is still real money (which it is)—and that the tax bite on \$64,000 makes the extra risk foolhardy (which it does). Last week one of these shrewd characters produced the perfect admonition for these times. She is Mrs. Catherine Kreitzer, the Pennsylvania grandmother and Bible scholar who decided to settle for \$32,000. Telling why, she quoted Philippians 4:5: "Let your moderation be known unto all men."





## It's 8 flavors tastier than any single juice!

The way many people rave about the flavor of **V-8\***, you'd think it was ice cream, cake, and Grandma's apple pie all rolled into one.

But delicious flavor isn't the only attraction of this remarkable 8-juice blend. It's brimful of vitamins . . . rich with minerals . . . and so low in calories you'll never go to waist drinking it.

No *single* juice (vegetable or fruit) can equal **V-8** for flavor or health. Enjoy its refreshment today.

**V-8's magic blend:** the juices of the Campbell Tomato, celery, carrots, beets, spinach, lettuce, watercress, and parsley.

\*V-8 is a trademark owned by the makers of Campbell's Soups



By Nature it's wholesome . . . by *Campbell's* it's delicious!





Make a change for the better!

# Paul Jones

★ Better flavor ★ Better quality ★ Better for your budget

FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C. BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS.





STANDING TOGETHER OUTSIDE IN SILENCE, CHILDREN OF NEGRO COTTON FARMERS TIMIDLY AWAIT A TEACHER'S INSTRUCTIONS TO REGISTER FOR SCHOOL

## A 'MORALLY RIGHT' DECISION

**An Arkansas school board does some soul searching and Negro children enter desegregated classes**

It was a sweltering July morning on the opening day of school in the delta town of Hoxie (pop. 1,855) in northeastern Arkansas. For the 800 children who came to enroll—and more particularly for some who stood against the school's brick wall, subdued and shy and waiting to be told what to do—it was a very strange morning indeed.

Hoxie, which starts the school term in midsummer to allow farm children cotton-picking time off during the autumn, had taken the bold step to end segregated education of Negro and white children. While other southern communities were busy looking for loopholes in the antisegregation mandate handed down by the Supreme Court a year ago, Hoxie's five-member school board conscientiously interviewed parents and came to the conclusion that integration was "morally right in the sight of God."

The board's unanimous will by no means represented the unanimous will of the community. Hoxie had before it the example of two school districts which already had ended segregation in western Arkansas, where the racial pattern is somewhat different. In eastern Arkansas, with a larger Negro population and an economy founded on cotton and sharecropping, segregation is rooted much more deeply. When the board announced its decision three weeks ago, there were angry mutterings in the town and some white people threatened a boycott of the school. On the first morning 21 Negro children, whose own school had been closed, came to register at a school that had always been, to them, out of bounds. With them came a normal turnout of white children. Their tense elders, Negro and white, waited to see whether any misgivings would be justified.





**LEAVING HOME,** Walter Ruffin's children head into morning sun toward school bus stop as he watches. He told them to be courteous to everybody.



**RIDING THE BUS,** children are wary and uncommunicative as they approach school. Some white children sat with Negroes. Others chose to stand.

## A QUICK ACCEPTANCE FOR THE NEW PUPILS

The school day, as shown in these pictures by Gordon Tenney, began in an atmosphere of self-conscious tension. White children stared curiously and Negroes tended to treat whites with deference. Some teachers seemed to go almost too far by being overattentive to the newcomers. A few white parents accompanied their children and made no secret of their distaste for the new arrangement. In the shade of a nearby tree, watching with disapproval, were some diehard opponents of desegregation, which applies not only to classrooms but also to buses, toilet facilities, drinking fountains, play areas and the cafeteria.

But among the children the novelty soon wore off. During the noon recess white boys sought out Negro boys and invited them to try out for the school team in basketball, played almost year round in eastern Arkansas. Negro and white girls happily romped together. By the end of the day the children were behaving as if they had gone to school together all their lives.



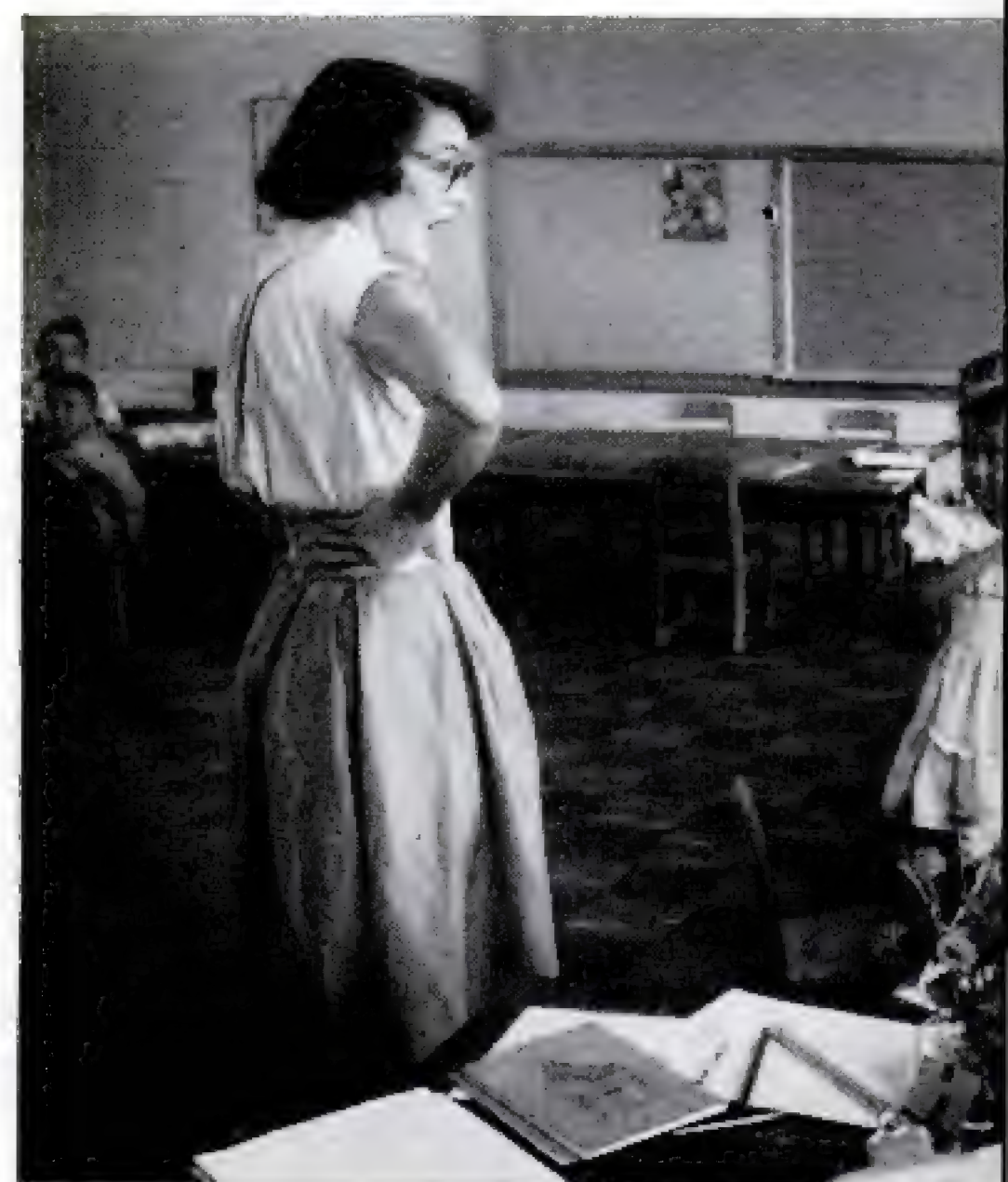
**IN MUSIC CLASS A NEGRO PUPIL PERFORMS AT**



**WATCHING THE ARRIVALS,** white farmers wait near school. The man in foreground said it was "a shame" his daughter had to sit next to Negroes.



**GETTING EXTRA HELP,** Negro boys are coached by teacher while rest of class studies. Negroes were handicapped by poor standards in their own school.



**TO MAKE CHILDREN FEEL AT EASE, A TEACHER**





TEACHER'S REQUEST, SINGING "DAVY CROCKETT"



LEADS HER CLASS IN PLAYING "I AM A TEAPOT"

## A MOTHER IS DOUBTFUL BUT DAUGHTER TAKES PROBLEM IN STRIDE



**SHOWING CONCERN**, Mrs. John Cole (right), who brought daughter Peggy, 8, looks at integrated group while two teachers confer before class begins.



**TAKING HER LEAVE**, Mrs. Cole embraces Peggy. She said she put the child in school because "we have to obey the law" but that Peggy fears Negroes.

**AFTER HER MOTHER'S DEPARTURE, PEGGY (CENTER) STROLLS ARM IN ARM WITH A NEW SCHOOLMATE**







**AFTER TRAGEDY** survivors Peter Smith (*arrow, front*) and Tony Woodfield (*arrow, rear*), gather with campers who stayed behind and Counselor Oliver Dickerson (*beard, center*), who also missed the climb. Two injured survivors are not in the picture.



**DISASTER SITE** is at the base of crevasse (*arrow*) down which sun-softened snow slid. In early July even expert Alpinists are asked to shun Mt. Temple.

## A NEEDLESS SUMMER TRAGEDY

Seven schoolboys die in a rash attempt to scale Canadian peak

What started out as a lighthearted attempt by a touring group of U.S. boys to scale a treacherous Canadian peak ended last week in sickening tragedy. The climbers, who were between 12 and 16, set out in light clothing to conquer 11,636-foot Mt. Temple in Banff National Park.

At 8,600 feet their leader, a Baltimore teacher named William Oeser, dropped out of the climb but gave the boys permission to keep going. Eleven of the 16 in the party struggled up to 9,500 feet, where nearby avalanches

frightened them into turning back. Tied together on a single light rope, which increased the danger to all, they had not gone far when they heard a rumbling above them. Anchor-man Tony Woodfield dug in his ice ax but the cascading snow snapped the rope and swept his 10 mates 1,000 feet down the mountain. Three boys extricated themselves from the avalanche but the seven others died of exposure and injuries in the worst—and most needless—climbing disaster in Canadian Rockies history.

**CARRYING BODIES** of victims, pack horses are led down the mountain by rescuers, who were aided in their all-night task by the light of a half moon.







## Gently Does It

**G**ENTLENESS makes good friends in fun-making... and in a cigarette, where gentleness is one of the greatest requirements of modern taste. That's why today's Philip Morris, born gentle, refined to special gentleness in the

making, makes so many friends among our young smokers. Enjoy the gentle pleasure, the fresh unfiltered flavor, of today's Philip Morris. In the convenient snap-open pack, regular or smart king-size.



# Philip Morris

*...gentle for modern taste*





# Pillsbury, *of course!*

The cakes with the velvety crumb

*Completely blended for you . . .*

*country-fresh eggs and all are  
blended right in the mix*

They're the nicest kind of cakes that can happen to you, and the beauty of it is, they happen so easily. That fine velvety crumb, that melt-away texture—the crowning mark of the perfect cake—comes from Pillsbury's complete blending. Even the eggs are blended right into these mixes for you (the same quality eggs that are in our famous Angel Food). Milk is *all* you add.

Pillsbury, alone, of all leading cake mixes, gives you this complete and perfect blending. That's why it's Pillsbury, of course, for women who want the most from a mix.

Why don't you get together with a package of Pillsbury Cake Mix soon, maybe even today, and see if you don't create a cake like this—one that just seems to belong on a pedestal.

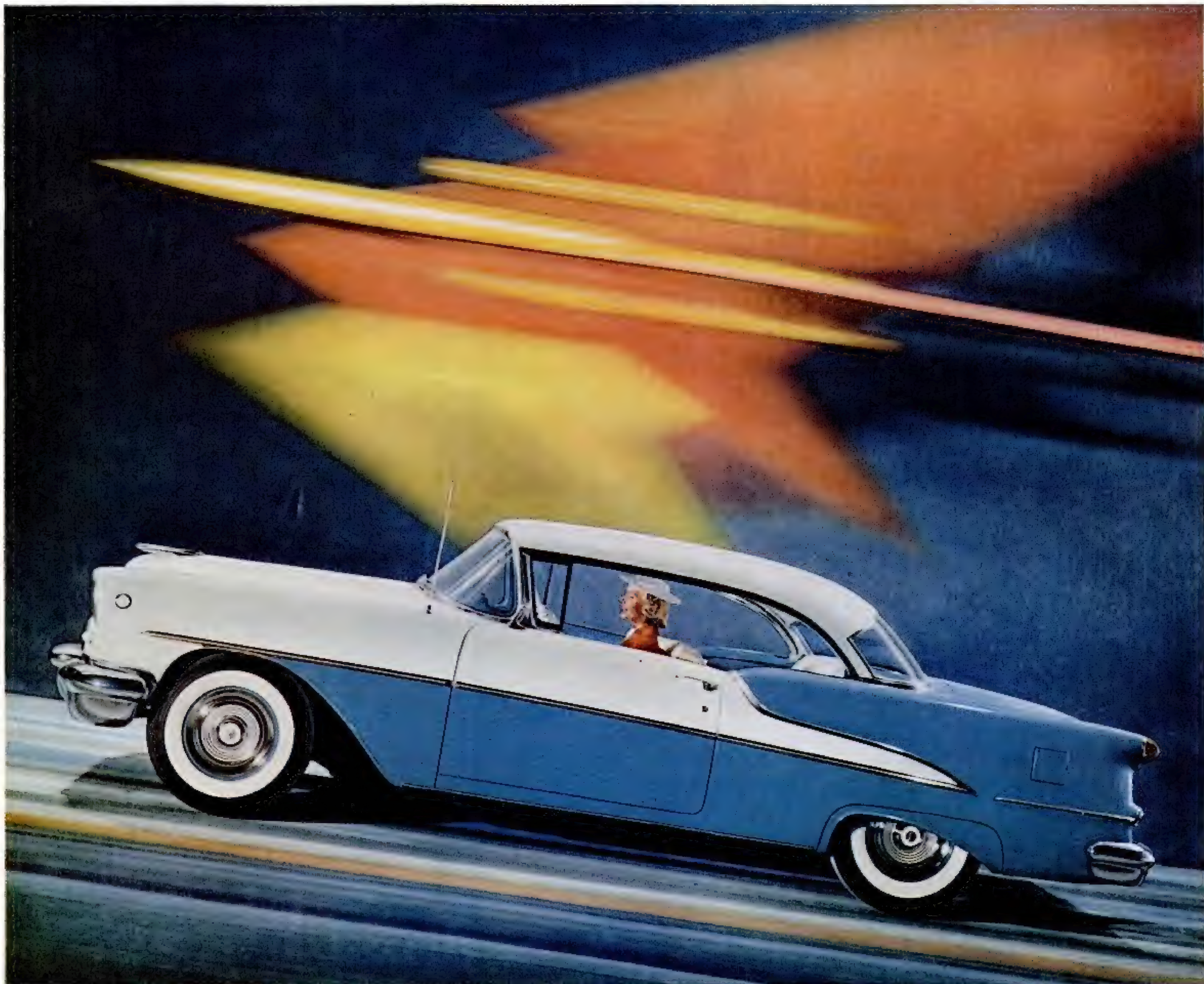
## Pillsbury Cake Mixes





**The Cake:** from Pillsbury's Chocolate Fudge Cake Mix. **The Frosting:** from Pillsbury's new Creamy Fudge Frosting Mix. **Shown on:** The Victorian Rose Pedestal from the Pillsbury Pedestal Collection.

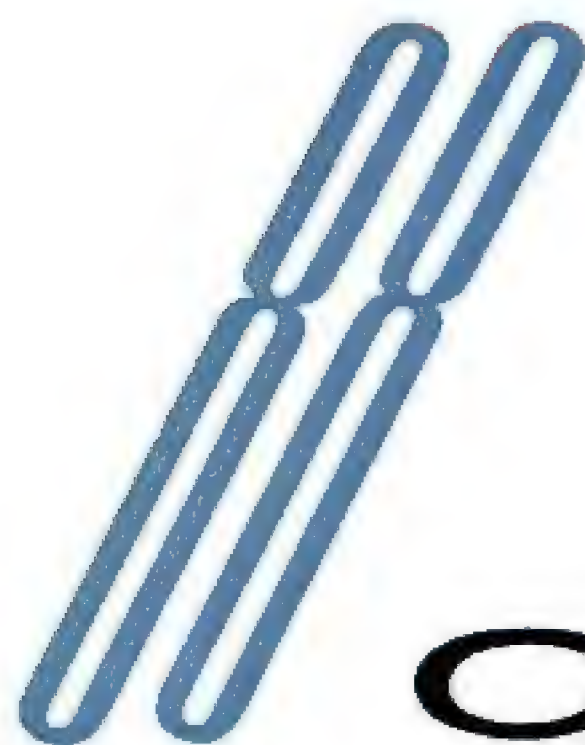




SUPER '58' HOLIDAY COUPÉ. A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

**Express yourself...**

**with *Flying Colors!***



**OLDSMOBILE**

Excitement rides with you . . . *when you ride a "Rocket" Oldsmobile!* For here is a car more active than your imagination . . . free and fleet and vibrantly alive in every wonderful way! For taking off or taking a curve, for smooth stopping and easy steering, for easing through traffic or breezing along—you'll find that Oldsmobile is different . . . *dramatically different!* And the brilliant beauty is something you can't miss . . . up close or 'way down the road. That's Oldsmobile's exclusive "flying color" flair . . . the "Go-Ahead" look that matches the "Rocket's" go-ahead spirit! See your dealer for a demonstration. Get out of the ordinary . . . get into an OLDS!



# A LOOK AT THE WORLD'S WEEK



## AT LAST THE GATES OPEN UP FOR REFUGEES

For the people sitting quietly among their possessions on Pier 86, the patient wait for customs inspection ended years of another kind of waiting. Last week the first full shipload of refugees to arrive in the U.S. under the refugee relief program docked in New York City. Most had fled Iron Curtain countries when the Russians took over and had struggled for 10 years to obtain the visas which will now distribute them in 31 different states.

## PROTESTS MOUNT AND PERON DISMOUNTS

Marching through the streets of Buenos Aires, 5,000 Catholics chanted for liberty, cheered and waved handkerchiefs in front of the navy officers club to commemorate the men whose abortive revolution of June 16 had failed to unseat Dictator Perón. A few days later mounting anti-Perón pressure paid off. Perón announced the end of the dictatorship, promised he would henceforth be a constitutional president and would permit political opposition.

CONTINUED







### A BRIGHT LOOK AT THE FUTURE

As jets streaked overhead, the first cadets to enter the new U.S. Air Force Academy looked toward their future. Flanked by squads from Annapolis and West Point, the cadets assembled for the ceremonies which formally opened the academy near Denver. During the medical examinations one cadet, held up momentarily because of mysterious spots on his chest, muttered indignantly, "Who could have measles at a time like this?"



### A SAD DAY FOR THE PRESIDENT

Rarely had a Washington departure evoked such emotion. At a specially called press conference the President was visibly moved and his guest close to tears. With her husband ill, Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby, the second woman cabinet member in U.S. history, was resigning as Secretary of Health, Education and Welfare. Said President Eisenhower in accepting her resignation, "Well, Oveta, this is a sad day for the Administration."



### FANNING A PASSIVE SIKH REVOLT

As a member waved a cloth fan, India's Sikhs, a Hindu warrior sect, met by their sacred temple in Amritsar. For weeks they had resisted passively a government ban on chanting political slogans. The Sikhs dispatched volunteers who called for a Punjabi-speaking state in the Punjab and neighboring territory, and then cheerfully accepted arrest. Last week, with 7,500 of them in Punjab prisons, the government had to lift the ban.





### A SWIM OFF ALCATRAZ →

Bobbing about off Alcatraz, his wrists manacled, a physical culturist named Jack LaLanne was attempting something no convict had lived through—the treacherous two-mile swim to San Francisco. He covered the distance in less than an hour, topped it off with 30 push-ups.



### A GREAT DAY FOR A GREAT JAZZMAN

Seated between two summer concert sponsors, Mrs. John Alden Carpenter and Mrs. William Phillips, wife of the former U.S. ambassador to Italy, Jazzman Louis Armstrong exclaimed, "Honey, those cats are really gonna dig that place!" The place was Castle Hill, a spacious

Massachusetts estate operated by the Castle Hill Foundation and dedicated to art, concerts and ballet. The foundation had invited Louis to give two concerts that drew a sedate crowd of 6,000 which, as one lady said, "wanted to see what this hepeat business was all about."







**FIRST DANCE LESSON** for Cathy was given by Ernie Flett who told her that she was tense after

she told him she was overweight. After a few weeks she was still tense, and taking reducing treatments.

## TELEVISION



**AT THE AGE OF 10**, with Uncle Bing at the piano and her father behind her, Cathy got professional start on radio show. Since then she has been busy with school work, some of it in Switzerland.

# A CROSBY —A GIRL

**Cathy, 16, is singer too**

It all began with Bing. Then there was Bing's brother Bob and more recently Bing's son Gary. Now there is Bob's 16-year-old daughter Cathy—the first girl Crosby to crash the crooning business. As she sings on her father Bob's CBS-TV show, Cathy is finding out that her new life is not just a song. When she winds up the dancing lessons she takes between TV rehearsals, the drama teacher takes over. The vocal coach is always around, and it is no easy job to make Cathy concentrate on the words and music because she has three movie offers on her mind and a lot of new dresses to try on. Uncle Bing, when he began 34 years ago, had it easy. The only thing he had to do was sing.



**WITH GARY**, who is now 22, Cathy discusses first solo to be sung on her father's television show.

**WITH BOB** Cathy sings to TV audience, *If Gary → Sings for Uncle Bing, Then I Can Sing for My Pops.*







**CATHY'S NEW WARDROBE**, which she displays here in the family home at Brentwood, is as pleasantly flamboyant as her personality. Selected by Cathy

and her mother from several Beverly Hills designers, it is composed of 29 pairs of shoes and 10 new outfits for every occasion from beach parties to formal balls.





**PROUD BOAST** of Neosho's new claim to fame goes on road sign boosting other tourist attractions.



**BLOOMING TRASH CAN**, one of many set out by city to promote contest, is planted with marigolds.



**PROUD WINNER** Mrs. Robert Barnes, local garden club leader, got \$30 for her floral Ferris wheel.



**OUTSIDE NEOSHO SUPERMARKET** 2-YEAR-OLD SHERRY LYNN CLEMONS STOOPS TO SNIFF AT PETUNIAS

## FLOWERY FACE LIFT

Neosho learns what petunias and marigolds will do for a town

Until six months ago the 5,790 residents of Neosho, Mo. took for granted the colorless environment they shared with many other small towns in the U.S. Then the New York Community Trust, a \$20 million fund administered by 15 banks, picked Neosho for a test run in civic beautification by offering \$5,000 in prizes for the handsomest window boxes.

Suddenly Neosho burst out into a flowery rash of red, pink and gold. The prize money was all but forgotten as the community plunged

headlong into a floral face lift which quickly showed not only Neosho but surrounding towns how much could be done with a little money and effort. Housewives planted petunias in old baby buggies and potbellied stoves. Merchants splurged on fancy trimmings like concrete and wrought iron. The city piled free dirt near the jail and found a new use for municipal trash cans (*left*). Postman David Weems articulated everybody's feelings: "It's a wonderful thing—it just looks nice all over town."



**GAME LOSER**, Bank President Arnold Farber, installed new iron boxes on facade but lost out in

competition to Coffee Pot Cafe. Farber at first had box over the door, but pigeons ate all the flowers.

CONTINUED





Jack Spratt could eat no fat,  
His wife could eat no lean—  
But both could eat more Jell-O  
Than anyone you've seen !

COPR. 1955, GENERAL FOODS CORP.



JELL-O IS A REGISTERED TRADE-MARK  
OF GENERAL FOODS CORPORATION





There's a touch of Thunderbird in every Ford . . . You can *see* it . . . You can *feel* it!

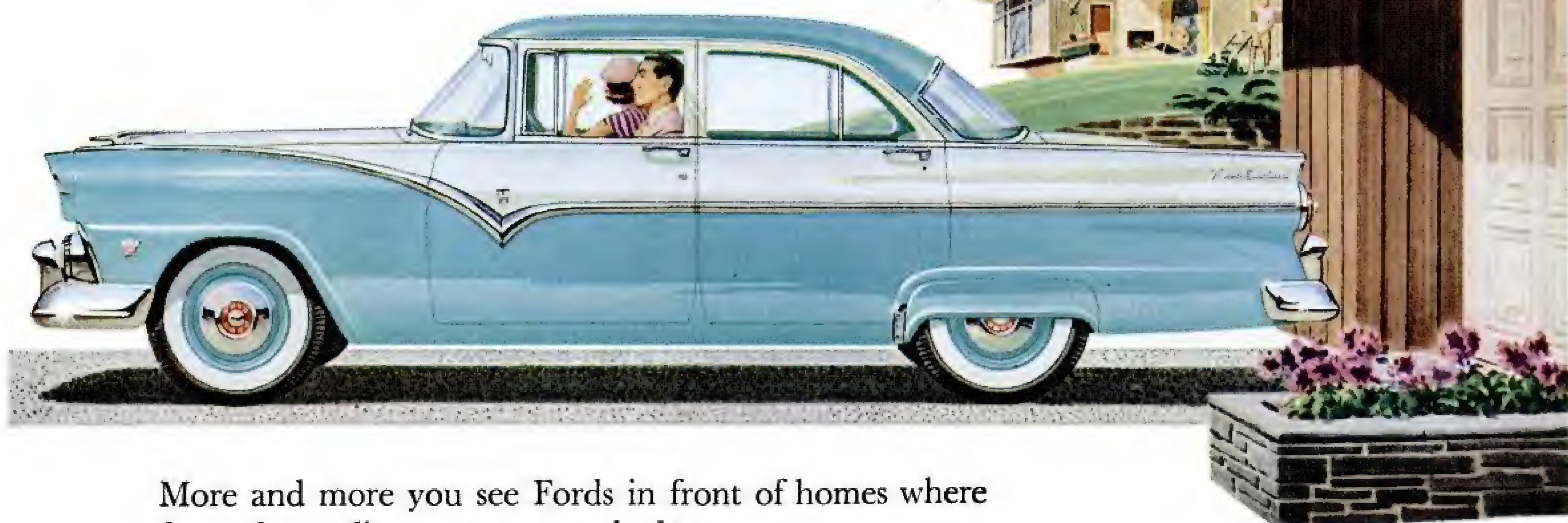
## Rarin' to go

Not only does Ford look like the Thunderbird, it behaves like it, too, with Trigger-Torque performance!

A car doesn't always *need* to take off and travel like a well-hit golf ball! But, it's a nice, secure feeling to *know* your Ford has the Trigger-Torque "up-and-at-'em" to do it, should emergency dictate. And it's

also great having a car that *looks* like it's rarin' to go! Ford's long, low, Thunderbird-like lines say "action" in every detail. Such things are especially wonderful when they come at Ford's low prices!

## ...and going more places!



More and more you see Fords in front of homes where formerly costlier cars were parked!

It's a real satisfaction to know you're piloting a car that's the pride and joy of discriminating owners from Maine to California. And even if you do have money to burn, there's something else about a Ford that will tickle your good business sense. Manufacturer's suggested list prices show that, for about the same cost as plain "do-it-yourself" models of higher priced makes, you can have a distinguished Ford Fairlane with Fordomatic Drive, power steering and brakes, power seat and windows . . . in fact, the works! No wonder so many are going for Ford.

# FORD

America's "worth more" car





**LOW-COST WINDOW BOXES** are turned out at rate of 75 an hour on Junior Chamber of Commerce assembly line. They sold 200 at cost for \$1.75 each.



**FREE DIRT** for the window boxes, mixed with fertilizer and piled by the city near jail (background), is shoveled into baskets by Neosho housewives.



**HAPPY NURSERYMAN**, Bailey Sutherland, once town mayor, smiles over Neosho Floral Co.'s booming business—225,000 plants sold, mostly petunias.

CONTINUED

# a NEW KIND of deodorant!



**ban** lotion deodorant  
rolls on

**More effective than creams!**  
**Easier to apply than sprays!\***

This is BAN—the new lotion deodorant that *rolls* on with a revolving marble built into the bottle top. BAN automatically applies just the right amount of pleasing lotion to check perspiration moisture . . . stop odor for a *full 24 hours*. Get new BAN today —98¢ wherever fine toiletries are sold.

- no drip—no waste—no messy fingers
- safe for normal skin
- protects round the clock
- keeps underarms dry for hours
- can be applied even after shaving
- won't stain clothes

Deodorant } —all rolled into one  
Anti-perspirant } —that's **ban**  
Pleasing lotion }

*A Product of Bristol-Myers*



\*In a recent survey against the leading cream and spray deodorants, 7 out of 10 prefer BAN.



# DANDRUFF

*may be the beginning of baldness*

We can't prevent baldness, nor do we believe anyone can. But if you have dandruff, any dermatologist will tell you to follow a suitable program of scalp care.

Dandruff commonly arises from a disease of the scalp called *seborrhea*. This may be caused by a tiny parasite called the *Spore of Malassez*. Usually, seborrhea progresses through three stages:

1. Dry white scales flake off your scalp, drop to your shoulders.
2. Moist, sticky scales appear on scalp. In many cases, hairs begin to die before fully grown.
3. "Choking" of hair roots with fatty substance produced by glands, plus dead cells and dirt, may occur in hair follicles. Result is increasingly "thin" hair, often baldness.

## A scalp hygiene program: the Kreml Method

Kreml Hair Tonic now contains a revolutionary new antiseptic ingredient that actually kills on contact the Spores of Malassez com-

monly believed to cause dandruff.

*Tonight*, shake Kreml generously on to your head. Massage your scalp... then apply your favorite shampoo. Work up a thick lather—without putting any water on your head. You will find that the lather comes easily if you have used enough Kreml.

*Tomorrow morning—and every morning*: Shake on Kreml Hair Tonic—rub it into your hair and scalp—and comb your hair in place.

## Money-back offer

Try the Kreml Method faithfully. If not completely satisfied, send Kreml label to J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Conn. Tell us what you paid—we will gladly refund your money.

Get a bottle of Kreml Hair Tonic today. At drug counters everywhere—no Federal excise tax. See how quickly the Kreml Method makes your head feel and look better!

# KREML HAIR TONIC

Flowery Face Lift CONTINUED

# BARENESS IS OUT, PETUNIAS IN



**BARBERSHOP**, Vo's Cafe were bare (left) in March after Barber A. Weber and Cafe-owner C. Day (at right) put up boxes. Now they are abloom with petunias and geraniums.



**COURTHOUSE**, until now an austere pile (right), blossomed with 64 window boxes when Judges V. H. Hardy, C. Sheppard, H. F. Morehead (below) voted for decoration.



Good food requires

*America's  
No. 1  
Pepper!*



Available  
at food stores  
everywhere.  
Buy it today!

One famous emblem  
... two great brands  
**MCCORMICK**  
and Schilling

THE HOUSE OF MCCORMICK

You Can Depend On

**STRONGER Yet SAFER**

**ANACIN**  
to relieve

**PAIN**

## Won't Upset The Stomach

Anacin® not only gives stronger, faster relief from pain of headache, neuritis and neuralgia—but is also safer. Won't upset the stomach and has no bad effects. You see, Anacin is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not just one but a combination of medically proven, active ingredients. Scientific research has proved no single drug can give such strong yet such safe relief as Anacin. Buy Anacin Tablets today! At all drug counters.



**INDIGESTION  
VANISHES!**

**New Mints, Medically Proven  
Quickly RID STOMACH OF GAS**

The very instant they reach your stomach these new mints go to work—rid your stomach of painful excess acid fast. Your indigestion vanishes! That's because new BiSoDoL® Mints contain incredibly fast BiSoDoL medication—the kind doctors recommend. Don't suffer acid indigestion. Feel wonderful fast with new BiSoDoL Mints. At all drug counters.



New—

# Party Brew!

So smooth—so different!  
Looks inviting . . . tastes exciting!

**Mmm—just wait until you taste it!** Smooth, sparkling Country Club Malt Liquor . . . far more refreshing than *any* brew you have ever tasted before.

It's so *different!* Ideal for "special" occasions. Wonderful way to add a new note of hospitality to *any* get-together!

Serve Country Club Malt Liquor, clear and cold, from its distinctive container . . . and watch this bright-spirited brew bring extra zest and enjoyment to *your* next party!

M. K. Goetz Brewing Company, Kansas City—St. Joseph, Missouri  
SINCE 1859 . . . BREWERS OF MELLOW COUNTRY CLUB BEER

**Country Club**



*Hollywood's favorite*  
**Lustre-Creme  
Shampoo...**



**"Yes, I use Lustre-Creme Shampoo,"**  
says Joan Crawford. It's the favorite  
beauty shampoo of 4 out of 5 top  
Hollywood movie stars!

**It never dries** your hair! Lustre-Creme  
Shampoo is blessed with lanolin . . . foams  
into instant, rich lather, even in  
hardest water . . . leaves hair wonderfully  
easy to manage.

**It beautifies!** For star-bright, satin-soft,  
fragrantly clean hair—without special  
after-rinses—choose the shampoo of  
America's most glamorous women. Use  
the favorite of Hollywood movie  
stars—Lustre-Creme Shampoo.

# Never Dries— it Beautifies!



*Joan Crawford*

starring in

**"FEMALE ON THE BEACH"**

A Universal-International Picture





BANNED FROM BALL PARK, EISENMANN AND LONDON WATCH GAME COMPLETED AS EXHIBITION CONTEST

## LONDON EMBROILED

Ball club mascot touches off 1955's most incongruous rhubarb



BEFORE THE GAME London proudly wears baseball cap as he sits on infield grass awaiting orders.

The most incongruous rhubarb of the 1955 baseball season resulted in the banishment of the disconsolate pair shown above. The dog, a German shepherd named London, is the mascot of the Kearney Irishmen in the Nebraska Independent League. London is owned by Manager Chuck Eisenmann, and his duties include retrieving foul balls and delivering gloves and jackets to the players. He takes them very seriously, and that caused all the trouble.

Recently in the fifth inning of a 1-1 game with Kearney's bitter rivals, the Minute Men from nearby Lexington, Kearney Pitcher Fred Kipp singled. London trotted out with Kipp's warmup jacket, but he got mixed up and went to the mound before winding up at first base (right). The crowd cheered, but the Minute Men complained that London was delaying the game. The umpires ordered dog and master off the field. Eisenmann protested and so did London (next page). The umpires forfeited the game to Lexington and recommended Eisenmann's suspension. But the league president later disagreed and, when the umpires threatened to quit, offered his resignation instead.

## SPORTS



LONDON'S WORKOUT features pepper game. He grabs ball deep in mouth to avoid breaking any teeth.



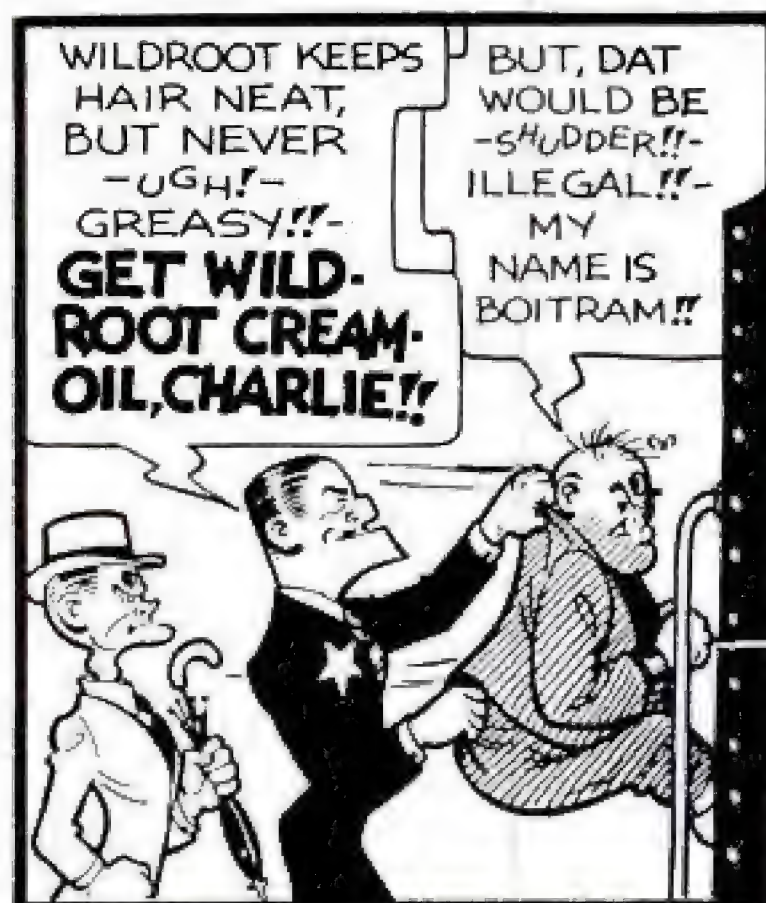
NEGOTIATING A LOOP, London warms up by carrying a player's jacket in leap through owner's arms.



CAUSE OF ROW was London's delivering jacket to pitcher. For what happened next, turn the page.



# UNUSUALLY DOGGED PROTESTS, SAME OLD RESULT



PROTESTING BANISHMENT FROM GAME, EISENMANN ARGUES WITH CHIEF UMPIRE ED MANLEY AS LONDON LOOKS ON



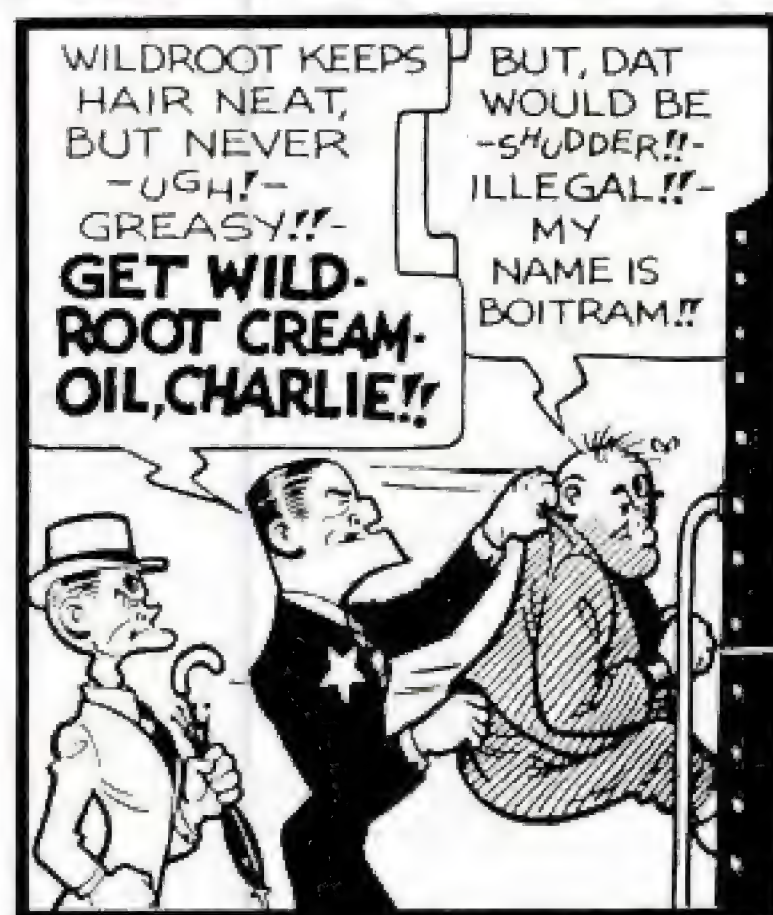
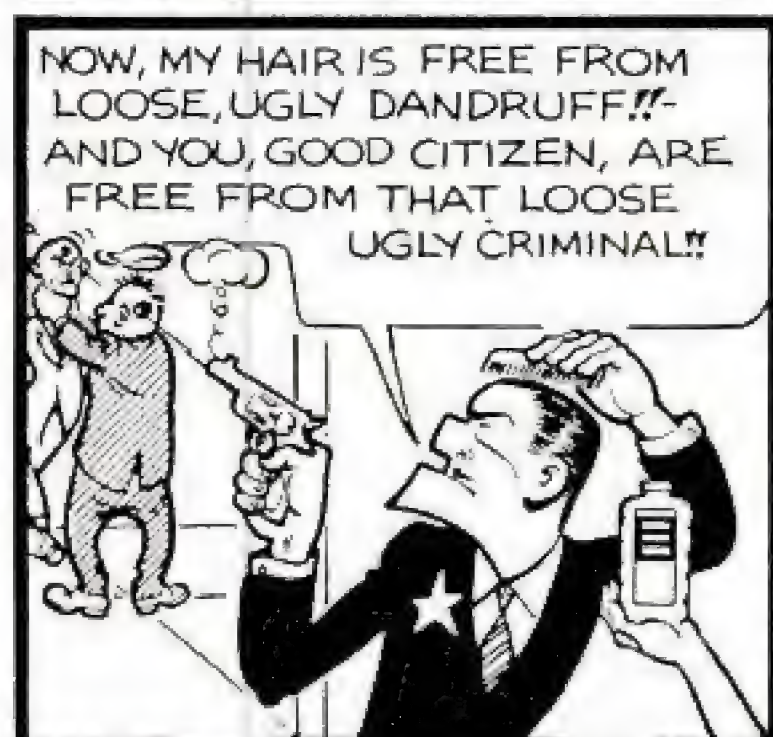
AS MANLEY WAVES EISENMANN OFF THE FIELD, LONDON LEAPS AT THE SECOND UMPIRE. BUT HE DID NOT BITE HIM



SCOWLING MANAGER IS LED OFF THE FIELD WITH LONDON, WHO GOES ALONG BUT PAWS UMPIRE IN ANGRY PROTEST



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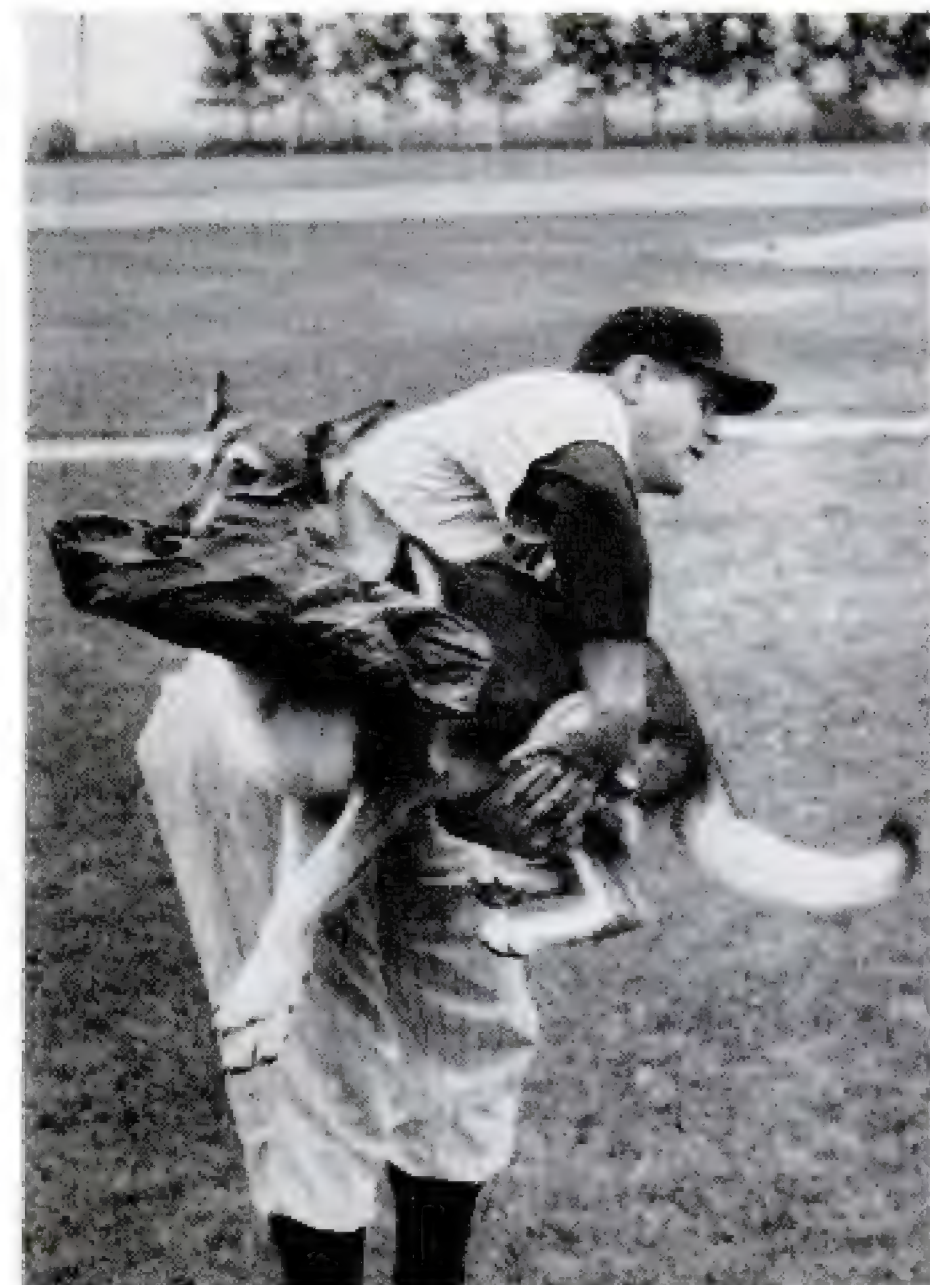
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Modess .... *because*

Only New Design Modess gives you the luxury of a new  
whisper-soft fabric covering . . . no gauze . . . no chafe.





*The Panoramic Windshield—*

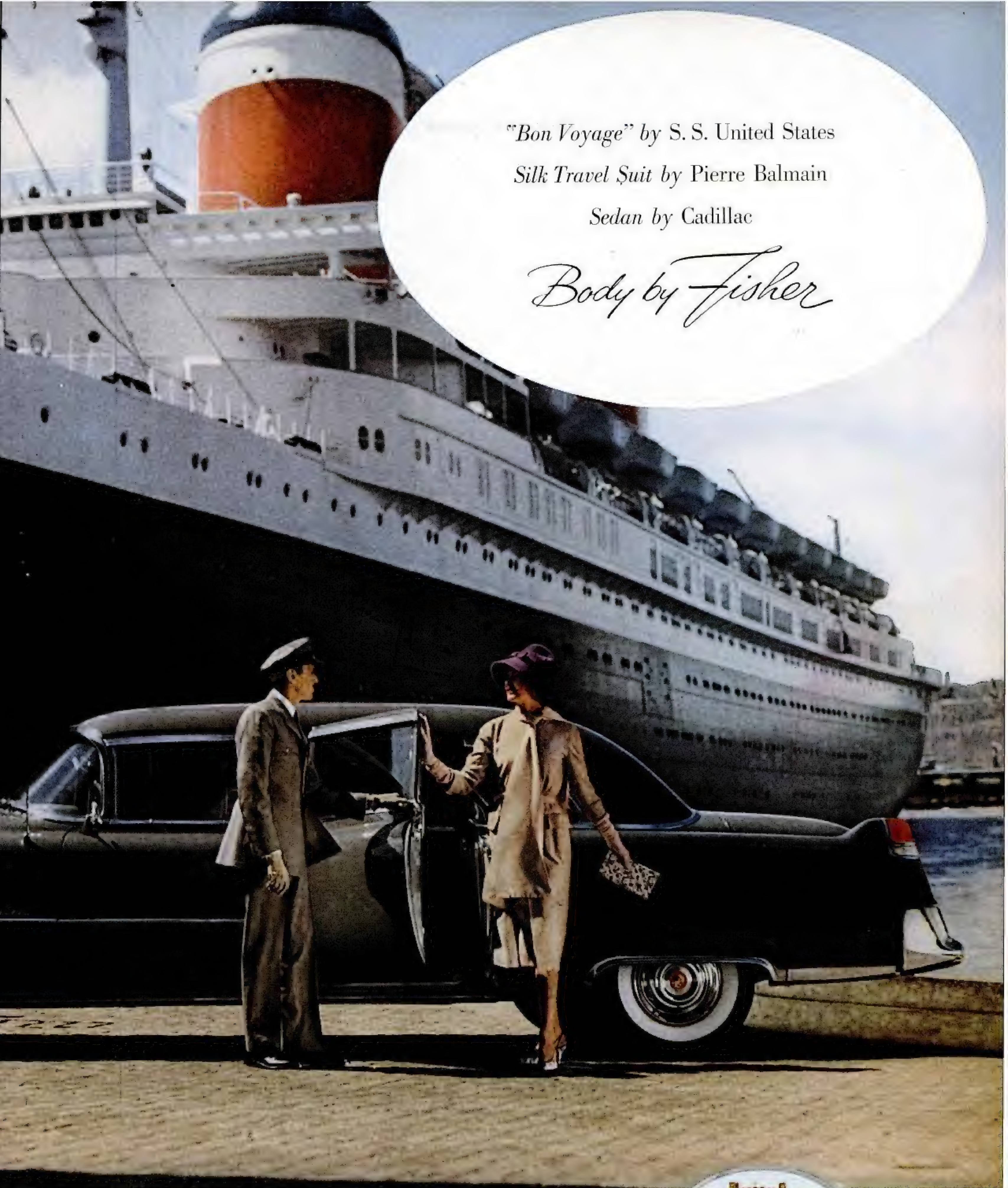


*"Bon Voyage" by S. S. United States*

*Silk Travel Suit by Pierre Balmain*

*Sedan by Cadillac*

*Body by Fisher*



famous motorcar fashion original which, like the trend-setting Fisher hardtop, is among the many Fisher Fashion Firsts which continue to set the pattern of automotive design—found, of course, only on General Motors cars.

CHEVROLET PONTIAC OLDSMOBILE BUICK CADILLAC







## When you want a vacation from the kitchen...

**It's easy** as all outdoors to fix your family a really good summer meal — in minutes.

Simply open a can or two of Chef Boy-Ar-Dee Meat Balls with Gravy. Heat. (You can even do *that* outdoors if you really want to make it a picnic.) Serve on crispy toast — and watch those wilted appetites perk up!

For Chef brings you meat balls at their plumpest, heartiest best. Ten of them per can. Made with fine pure beef —

like you'd buy yourself. Quick-browned to keep the juices inside. Cooked through, but never dried out. *Swimming* in rich, brown, pan-style gravy.

**Try them** some hot night soon. They're only about 14¢ a serving. Enjoy Chef's timesaving Italian dishes, too — Spaghetti and Meat Balls, Spaghetti Dinners, specially blended Meat and Mushroom Sauces.

Relax — and let Chef do the cooking for you!

**Quick**

pure beef

**CHEF BOY-AR-DEE**  
Meat Balls with Gravy







AS A SPINSTER TOURIST IN VENICE, KATHARINE HEPBURN IS MESMERIZED BY THE BRILLIANT PIAZZA AND PROSPECT OF FINDING A SUITOR BEFORE GOING HOME

# Love Transforms a Plain Jane

VENICE IS A GLORIOUS BACKGROUND FOR HEPBURN'S SUMMER ROMANCE

In the middle of the busiest tourist season on record for Americans in Europe comes a new movie which may jam up the traffic even more. In *Summertime*, Katharine Hepburn as plain Jane Hudson, a secretary from Ohio, arrives as a tourist in Venice yearning for romance but too puritanical to find it readily. Find it she does, however, when she meets a

handsome shopkeeper who thaws out the chill in her heart and gives her memories to cherish forever. *Summertime*, based on a Broadway play, *The Time of the Cuckoo*, shows Hepburn at her reedy and freckled best, Venice at its most alluring and Rossano Brazzi, who plays the shopkeeper, as the most important new Casanova—elder division—in U.S. films.



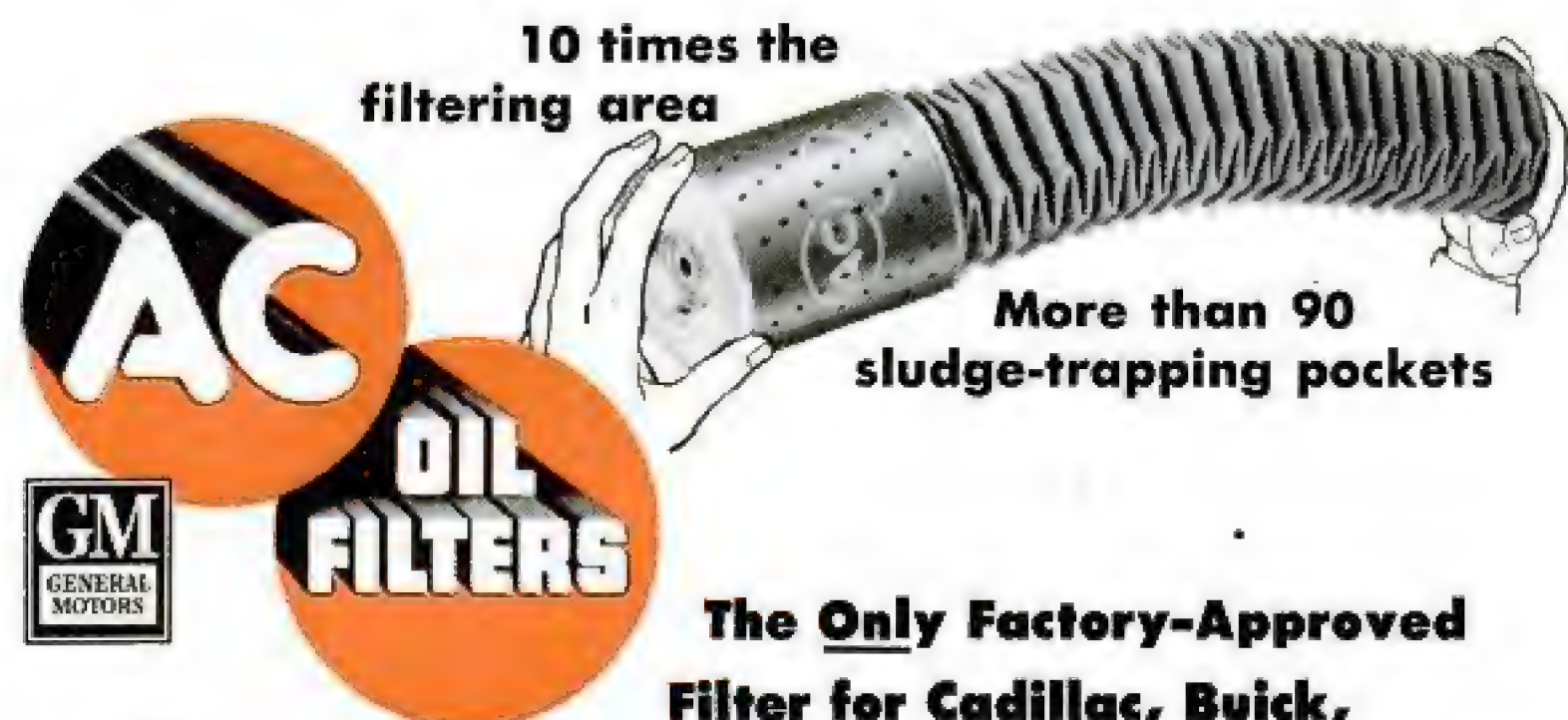


## Car's best friend ! **on guard** mile after mile

Here's a dog that dotes on keeping motorists happy. He's a Sludghound — trained in engine rescue work — mighty valuable breed — *and* best-of-breed, too, as you can see by the AC around his neck.

That AC on *all* AC Oil Filters lets you know that *this* is the fully modern oil filter that takes out all harmful particles that might recirculate in engine oil and damage delicate bearings and super-smooth surfaces. Even bits of dust, metal or carbon as small as 1/100,000 of an inch get trapped by an AC Filter.

Why don't you ride with Sludgie, too? Millions of motorists do — the odds are *you* do if you drive a '55. It's a good idea to check your filter every time you change oil — and be sure to change your filter every 5,000 miles ... be *sure* you get an AC.



Watch  
BIG TOWN  
NBC-TV

**The Only Factory-Approved  
Filter for Cadillac, Buick,  
Oldsmobile, Pontiac, Chevrolet, GMC**

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION • GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION, Flint, Mich.

'SUMMERTIME' CONTINUED



**LOVE BLOSSOMS** for Jane when she visits antique shop run by a native Venetian (Rossano Brazzi), who volunteers to show her the sights of the city.



**LOVE MATURES** as they saunter among the pigeons of Piazza San Marco. Shopkeeper has not told Jane he is married, though living apart from his wife.



**LOVE WILTS** as Jane, realizing the relationship is impossible, leaves Venice and leans out the train window for a last tender glimpse of her beloved.

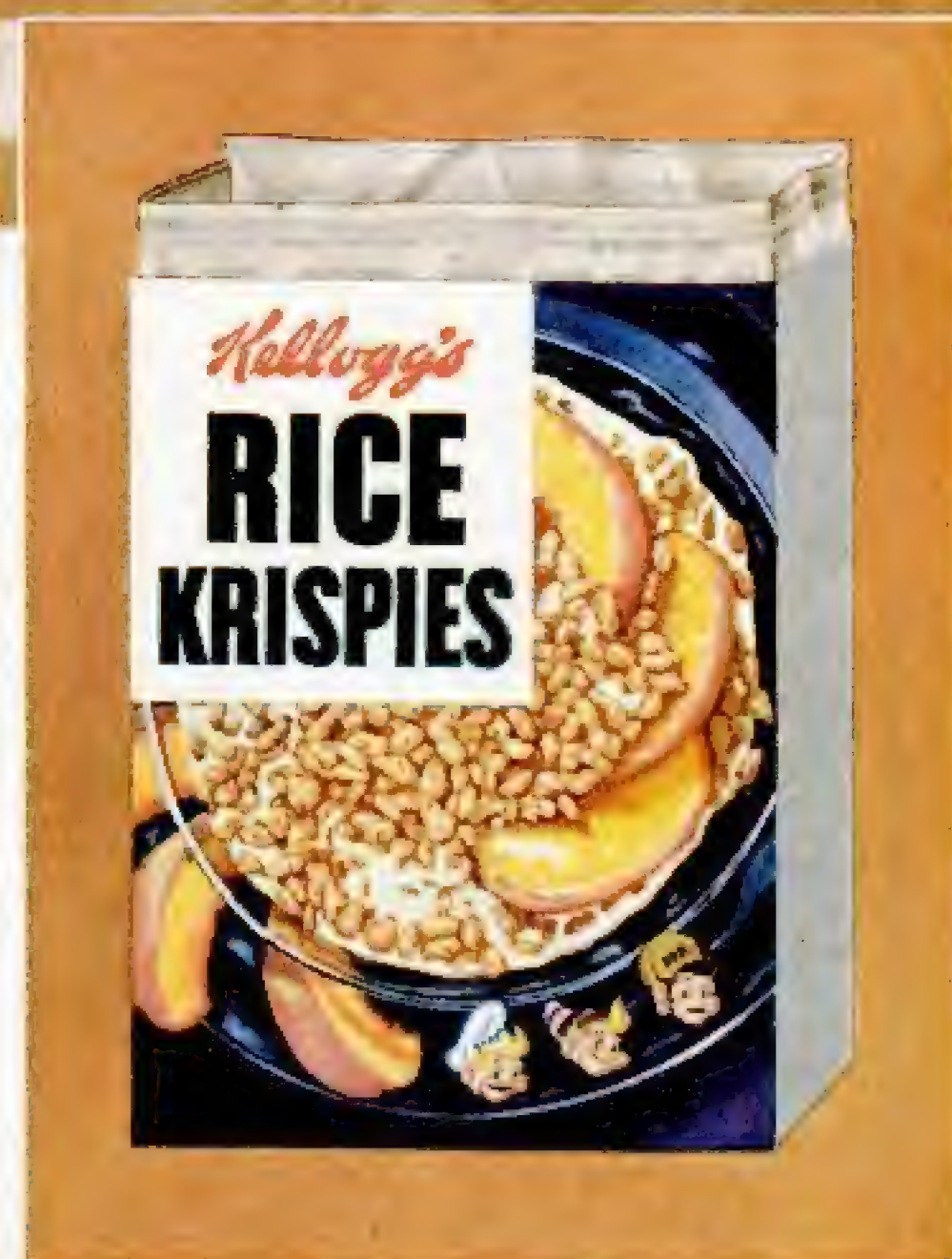
CONTINUED





"You can hear them better close up"

Back up a bit, young man. You're closer than you really have to be to hear them say "Snap! Crackle! Pop!" When you pour on milk or cream, Kellogg's Rice Krispies don't need any encouragement to sound off. They want to make sure you know they're crisp and fresh. They're the world's only talking cereal. (And you can take our word for it that they're also full of vitamins, minerals and energy generators.) Why not give 'em a hearing, at your bedtime snack tonight, or at breakfast tomorrow?



"Rice Krispies" is a trade mark (Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.) of the Kellogg Company for its oven-popped rice.

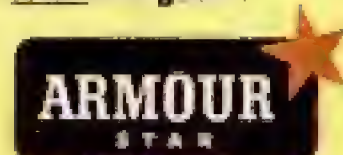




The fixing is easy... and with *Armour Star Treet*, every sandwich becomes "something special!" You see, *Treet* is all full-flavored, sugar-cured Armour ham and pork. Chopped and cooked, ready to eat. And *Treet* is such a bargain now, too! So why wait? Put *Armour Star Treet* on your mental shopping list *today*.



You know it's good!



The Armour Star label is one of the world's great guarantees!

Have you tried  
ARMOUR STAR  
CHOPPED HAM?  
It's all sugar-cured  
Armour ham...  
chopped, cooked  
and ready to eat.



## BRAZZI AS A HEAVY LOVER

Italian-born Rossano Brazzi was educated as a lawyer and became an actor after friends assured him that his rich, ringing voice could sway cinema audiences as well as juries. In more than 50 European films Brazzi played a heavy lover, and last year, when he appeared as a Roman law student in *Three Coins in the Fountain*, he received 40,000 fan letters from U.S. women. Now, after his success in *Summertime*, he is being groomed for the Ezio Pinza role in the movie *South Pacific*.



**TROUBLED LOVER** in *Tragic Spell*, an Italian film, Brazzi stares at medal which cast evil spell on his wife (Maria Felix), whom he saves from death.



**VILLAINOUS LOVER** in *Volcano*, Brazzi embraces peasant girl (Geraldine Brooks). He turns out to be a white slaver and is drowned by her mother.



**ENGAGING LOVER** in *Three Coins in the Fountain*, Rossano Brazzi courts American girl (Jean Peters) on his family's farm and wins her for his wife.


DON'T SAY ORANGE, SAY  
**NESBITT'S**

Everyone—boys, girls, mothers and dads...will love NESBITT'S...will be delighted with this full flavored, sparkling soft drink. It's so refreshing, so satisfying to the taste and thirst.

Ask for NESBITT'S by name. Look for this distinctive carton and take home 6 bottles today.



a soft drink  
made from *real* oranges



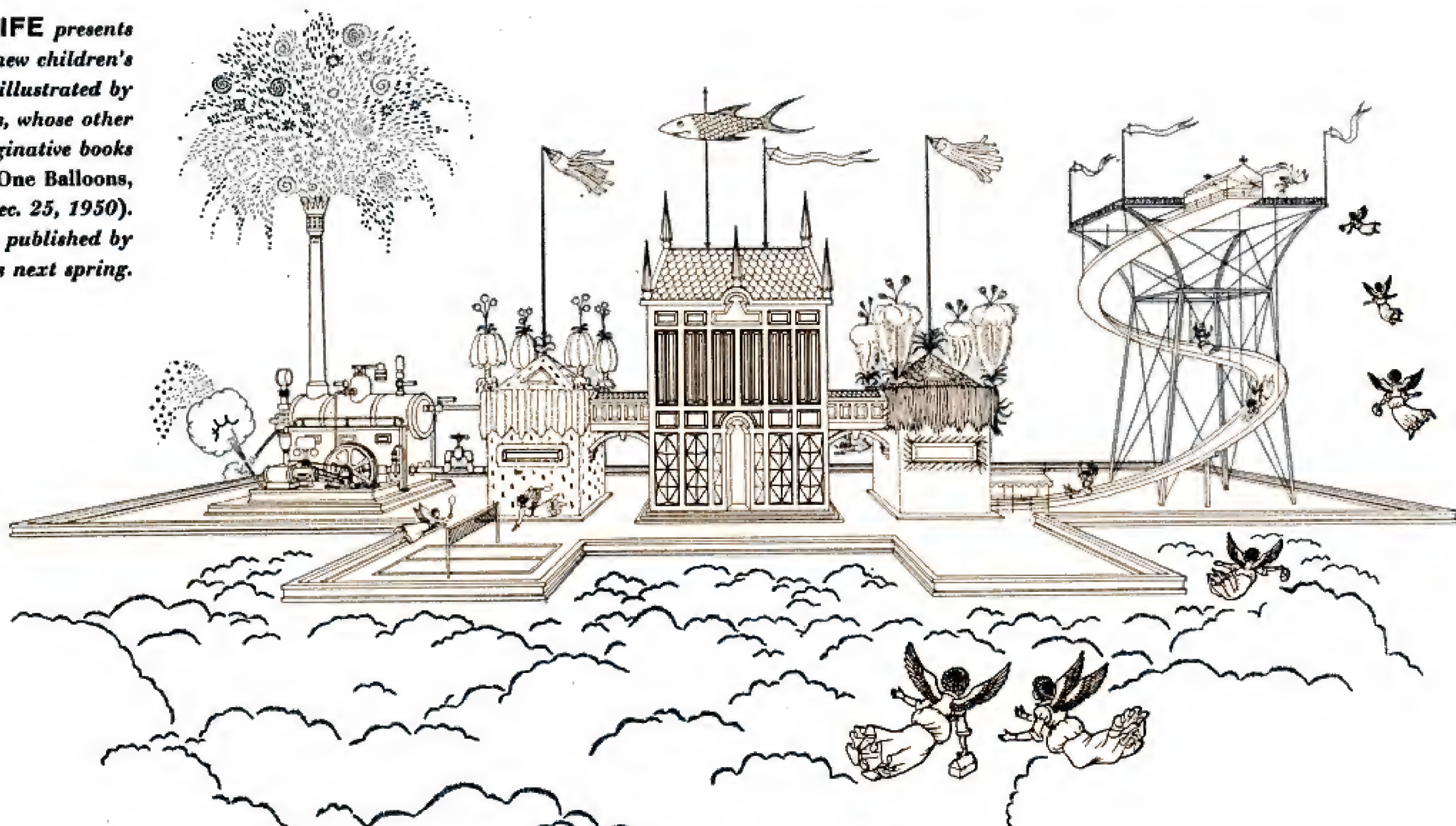


# LION

*A Fable about the King of Beasts*

*by William Pène du Bois*

Here LIFE presents  
a condensation of a new children's  
book written and illustrated by  
William Pène du Bois, whose other  
fancifully drawn, imaginative books  
include *The Twenty-One Balloons*,  
*Bear Party* (LIFE, Dec. 25, 1950).  
This one will be published by  
Viking Press next spring.

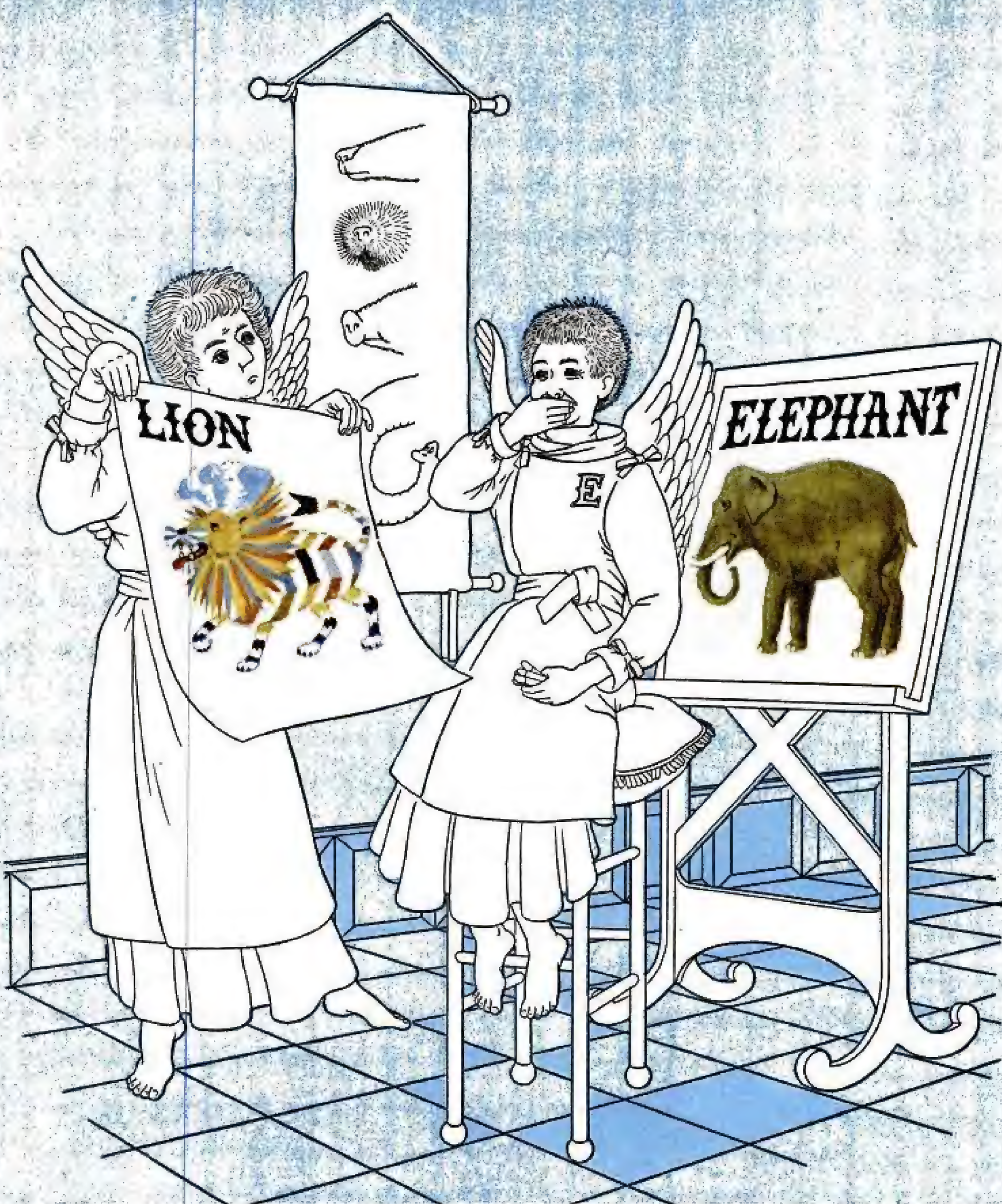


Long, long ago, high up in the sky there was a white and silver palace. It was called the Animal Factory. In the Animal Factory one hundred and four artists sat on silver stools behind one hundred and four white wood tables. They sat in rows and drew pictures of animals. They made up names of animals, which they wrote down in gold letters. It was in this way that animals were invented, before they were made, before they were flown to the Planets of the Universe. There was one artist who was boss. His name was Foreman. When he was very young, Artist Foreman won a medal for the first animal he made up. It was called WORM. Later he grew up and became boss and stopped drawing.



One day he thought of a new word and the new word was LION. "I have made up a wonderful word for an animal!" he shouted. "It is Lion! I myself shall make up an animal to go with that lovely name." Artist Foreman took a sheet of pure white paper, a new ermine brush, his own gold paint and sharp wax crayons. He sat down, took his brush, dipped it deep in his own gold paint and wrote: **LION** "And now I'll make up a Lion!" he shouted. He looked at the paper. He scratched his head and blinked. After a while Artist Foreman said to himself, "It's a funny thing, but I do not quite remember how to make up animals." He stood up and walked through the rows of tables. In the first row he saw a drawing of a terrible animal, named ALLIGATOR. In the second row he saw a big fur animal which looked nicer, named BEAR. The artist drawing it was softly growling. In the third row there was a fat animal with feathers, named CHICKEN. He walked on until he came to a striped animal, named ZEBRA. "It's beginning to come back to me now," said Artist Foreman. He quickly drew a big, fat, striped animal.





That is Lion," he said, "and it will say 'PEEP PEEP.'" He looked at it some more. "Lion is such a lovely word, maybe I should ask just one other artist for just ONE WORD about Lion." He got up from his silver stool. He took his drawing to an artist in the fifth row and said, "Tell me in one word what is wrong with the Lion?" The artist looked at the BIG, FAT, BRIGHT animal. He giggled softly. He looked up and said, "FEATHERS." Artist Foreman turned red and flew back to his drawing table. He had put feathers and fur on the same animal! He looked at it some more. Artist Foreman turned red again! Lion had a tail like a fish! He quickly rubbed all of the bright-colored feathers together until they became a YELLOW-BROWN color. He rubbed the fish tail with his thumb until it became yellow-brown. He took a DARK BROWN crayon and covered the head and tail with dark brown fur. "Peep peep!" he shouted. "Now it is right." He looked at it some more. He took his drawing to an artist in the sixth row and said, "Tell me in one word what is wrong with the Lion?" The artist looked at the BIG, FAT, BRIGHT, ALL-FUR animal and said, "COLOR." Artist Foreman was rather happy to hear this. It was right for a tiny animal to be all in bright colors, but wrong for a bigger animal.





# LION



He took his thumb and rubbed it until the body and legs were yellow-brown. He took the drawing to an artist in the seventh row and said, "What is wrong with the Lion?" "LEGS." This made Artist Foreman angry. "I have given Lion four legs. Isn't that right for FUR animals?" He looked at it some more. "Well," he thought, "maybe the legs are a little thin for such a fat animal." He filled them out. "There now, peep peep!" he said. He took the drawing to an artist in the eighth row and said, "Tell me in one word what is wrong with Lion." "HAIRCUT," he said. Artist Foreman was now awfully angry. He took an eraser and rubbed some of the fur away. He rubbed it off around the body and legs and tail. He didn't dare touch the head or the tip

of the tail because the feathers and fish tail might show through. He took his drawing to an artist in the ninth row and said, "What is wrong with the Lion?" The artist looked at it closely and from far away. He looked at it upside down. He looked at it sideways. "NOTHING," he said. "I knew it!" cried Artist Foreman. Laughing, he hurried off to see his boss, who was the Chief Designer.

Planet Earth. I wouldn't be surprised if Lion were received there as the KING OF BEASTS. What sort of noise does he make? Does Lion roar like thunder?" "Lion goes peep peep," said Artist Foreman, "I mean no! You are right. Lion does roar like thunder!" Artist Foreman bowed his head, turned and flew back to his drawing room. He sat down on his silver stool, leaned back and ROARED LIKE A LION!

Oh, Sir," said Artist Foreman, "please tell me in one word . . . I mean, excuse me . . . I have made up an animal. Its name is Lion." "Lion is a nice name," said the Chief Designer. "Let us look at Lion. Lion is handsome. I will send two Lions to





# Your thirst can “feel” the difference!

When your thirst cries out for a soothing, cooling glass of finest beer, there's no refreshment like Schlitz! For here is a beer with a difference your taste can actually “feel” all the way down.

No harsh bitterness! No disappointing sweetness! Let your thirst “feel” the light, smooth, dry refreshment that really hits the spot. If you like beer, you'll love Schlitz . . . The Beer that Made Milwaukee Famous.

*Schlitz always brews  
for quality . . .  
never for price!*







"I have been feeding Puss 'n Boots exclusively for three months," wrote Mrs. R. L. C. of New York, "and the improvement in my cat is almost unbelievable! Her coat and disposition have improved 100%. She is a joy to have around now—purrs constantly! "

*I have been feeding Puss 'n Boots exclusively for three months. The improvement in my cat is almost unbelievable! Her coat and disposition have improved 100%.*



"Tails? We pure-bred Manx cats don't have them!" (For a full-color 8 1/2" x 10" reprint of this original Chandoha photo, send 25¢ to Puss 'n Boots, Dept. L-45, Box 1459, G. C. Sta., New York 17, N. Y.)

## She said... "The improvement is almost unbelievable!" She saw... the marvel of Good Nutrition

Of all the pleasures cat-owning brings, few match the thrill of helping your cat reach and hold his peak of health and beauty. And if—like Mrs. R. L. C.—you feed Puss 'n Boots regularly, you are *assured* of that gratifying experience. This has been confirmed by observation under laboratory conditions, as well as in pet-loving homes like yours.

**Cats respond quickly** and dramatically to the good nutrition of Puss 'n Boots. Their dispositions become more friendly... their fur more lustrous... their actions more graceful, more playful. That is because Puss 'n Boots furnishes what scientists find to be the best single source of cat nourishment: fresh-

caught *whole* fish. *Whole* fish—the *complete* fish, not scraps or parts—gives a cat nature's most beneficial selection of vital elements. No other single food from *any* source—not meat, not milk, and surely not leftovers from human meals—offers a cat that natural life balance. The chart at the right shows why.

**Seven cereals, selected and tested** for all-around nutrition, are ground and pre-cooked with the fresh-caught whole fish. This—the Puss 'n Boots formula—has never been equalled. More cat owners feed Puss 'n Boots than any other cat food. Feed it to your cat *regularly*. Puss 'n Boots comes in two sizes, at grocery stores and pet shops everywhere.

### How the Natural Life Balance of WHOLE FISH is retained in Puss 'n Boots

**BONE STRUCTURE** for calcium and phosphorus for sturdy frame. Made crumbly and digestible, retained in Puss 'n Boots.

**FILLETS OR FLESH** for proteins that promote growth. Generally reserved for human consumption, but retained in Puss 'n Boots.



**LIVER, GLANDS.** For vitamins A, B, D, and minerals. Vital for general well-being. These are often extracted for medicinal use, but they are retained in Puss 'n Boots.



# PUSS 'n BOOTS is Good Nutrition

America's largest selling cat food... adds the plus in health, beauty, vigor.

Coast Fisheries, Division of The Quaker Oats Company, Wilmington, California





INTERRUPTING HIS TESTIMONY, LEV PROUDLY SHOWS OFF ARMY GARRISON HAT HE DESIGNED AND MANUFACTURED AT A HANDSOME PROFIT

## MEET THE MAN 'JUST OUT OF AVERAGE'

Senators try a second time to figure out Harry 'The Hat' Lev, his malapropisms and his money

by JAMES L. McCONAUGHY JR.

The U.S. Senate's Permanent Subcommittee on Investigations thought it had seen everything: five-percenters, Food Freezer operators, mink coat distributors and even last year's marathon Army-McCarthy hearings. After such experiences the senators felt that the witness who could snow them under with fast talk did not breathe. Then along came a malapropistic blizzard named Harry Lev.

The committee stumbled onto him while investigating the strange way the U.S. armed forces buy uniforms, including hats from Mr. Lev, a self-made Chicago millionaire who cannot read or write English. Lev, who was promptly nicknamed "The Hat," admitted spending \$214,000 in two years but could not seem to remember where any of it had gone. It took the committee five weeks to recover from his debut as a witness, but this week the senators dug out of their confusion and called him back to hear more examples of his personalized version of the English language. Lev specialties:

On material wealth: "... Money is only a thing that a person can buy. ..."

On why his sons-in-law are not officers of his company: "They should grow out of their pants."

On the private lives of government employees: "After a girl is employed eight hours

there is not the U.S.A. stamp on her what she can do afterwards."

On why \$2,600 worth of smoked sturgeon, which he distributed to government employees who handled hat contracts, did not constitute gifts: "A gift is something I think that is something that a person wears."

On how to run a business: "Always it is cheap to deal and deal is cheap. I always believed to buy low and sell high. ..."

On Harry Lev himself: "I am the same thing as before a couple of days I am now ... I am just a man out of average. ..."

Washington was exposed to Harry Lev for only five days during his first appearance, but his contributions to the city's vernacular will live long. Once when he failed to understand a question, he asked politely, "Clarify me, Senator." Denying that he had ever bribed a government employee, Lev repeatedly shouted, "Not one broken cents, not one broken cents." An employee who disappointed him was described as "honest but ... definitely sneaky."

When senators suggested Lev might be "definitely sneaky" himself, he objected: "This I resent this here."

Lev's approach to the English language became contagious and senators found themselves speaking in the Harry Lev vernacular.

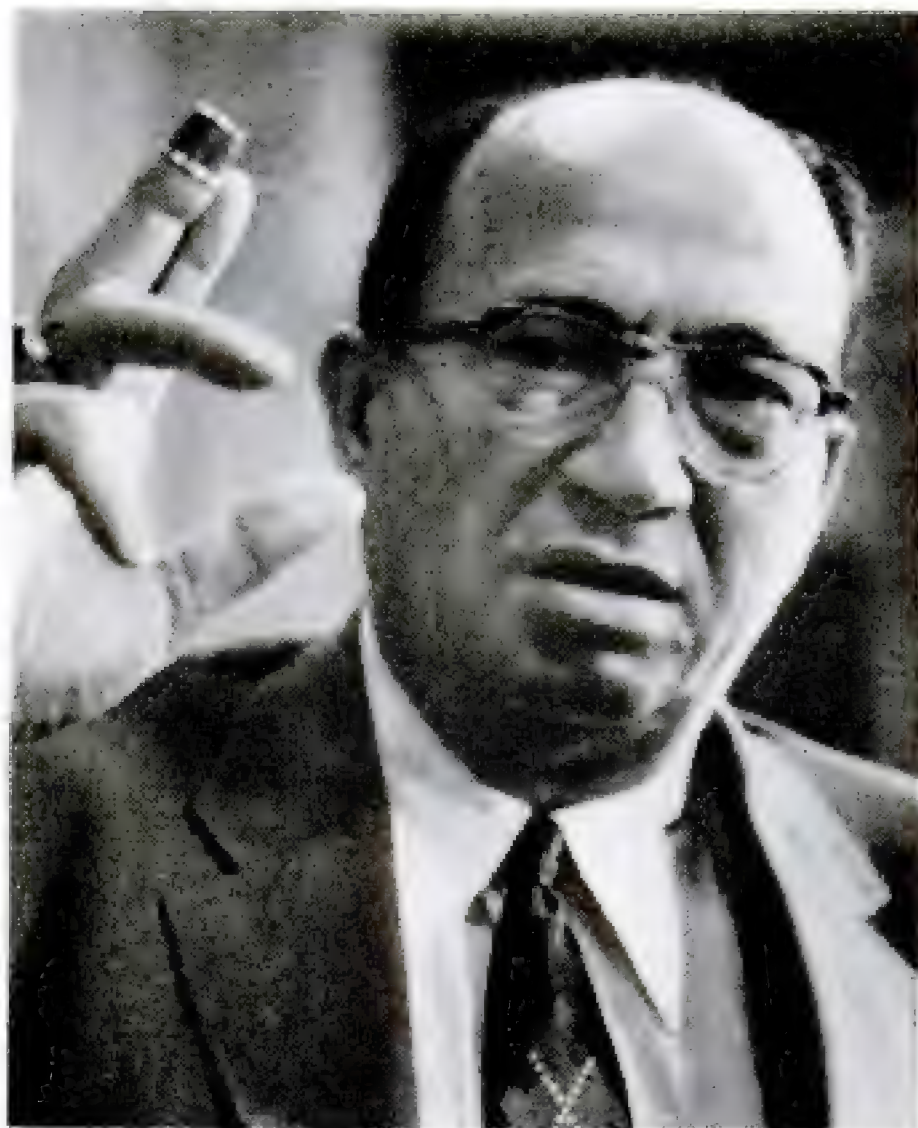
"What did he told you?" demanded Chairman John McClellan during one round of cross-examination. Senator Henry M. Jackson impatiently announced, "We're not going to waste forever our time." Jackson demanded Lev tell the committee the truth.

"I object this is here for telling me there's any truth," said Harry Lev with deep resentment.

The Hat is a short, broad-shouldered man of 53 with a red face, a breast pocket full of cigars and a wardrobe that includes 1,000 neckties. He had barely given his name and Chicago address to the committee when he jumped to his feet and ran around the hearing room, handing out business cards to senators, reporters and spectators. On the back of the cards was a picture of his factory (page 68), the Mid City Uniform Cap Company.

Senator George Bender, an old merchandising man himself before he entered Ohio politics, admired the picture and said, "That is a nice-looking plant." Lev beamed with pride, nodded at Bender's good judgment and returned to the witness chair. Bender was to have a particularly hard time with Lev. He tried to be a caustic questioner, but Lev ignored this ungraciousness and succeeded in putting the senator to work as his unwitting straight man.





*"Any time my mind will ever run away with me, [this thimble] is going to tell me . . . come down"*

It was for Bender's special benefit that Lev turned up one morning with an assortment of Mid City hats. He knew that as a former businessman Bender would appreciate good goods. Suddenly ignoring the questions being asked him, Lev rushed from the witness table to stand two feet from the Ohio senator. Like a quick-change artist he popped a series of Army, Navy and Marine Corps hats onto his balding head. He adjusted a Marine dress blue hat to the perfect angle, then turned to give Bender a long slow look at his profile. For probably the first time in his merchandising-political career, Bender was speechless.

Harry Lev's life story will not be brought fully up to date for months, depending on the progress of new hearings beginning this week. But his first 53 years read like a handbook on how to make a fortune out of hats.

Lev was born near Pinsk in Russian Poland. After something over a year of schooling, he went to work at the age of 11½ making hats alongside his father. Following the Bolshevik revolution he fled to Palestine, dragging his Singer sewing machine behind him. Two years later he had \$12,500 and moved on to the U.S. He started work at \$18 a week in a Chicago factory, but his girl friends cost him \$200 a week. In 1925, when he was down to \$1,100, he started his own factory.

He got his first government contract in 1937, and work for the U.S. military became his specialty. He made hats for the women Marines during the war, helped design the Air Force hat and the brand-new Army hat. He owns or controls so many hat-making companies that he cannot keep them all straight, and he has 16 patents on hats and how to make them. In 30 years his \$1,100 has grown to more than \$1 million.

That he could accomplish all this without learning how to read or write English was incredible to George Bender. Lev said that in English he could write his name, no more. Once, while Lev was testifying, Bender softly crept up behind him and triumphantly shouted that the witness was making notes.

"But only initials," insisted Lev, holding up a scratch pad on which he had doodled a handsome visored hat and half a dozen letters.

Bender was persistent. How could an illiterate man tell the difference between a \$100 and \$50 bill? Lev snorted that there was no such thing as a \$150 bill. When the question

was "clarified" he explained, "Figures is all around the world." Like any successful businessman, Lev carried a briefcase. Occasionally he fished in it for documents, explaining that he could recognize what he wanted even though he could not read it: "If any person looks long enough on paper, he should certainly recognize paper."

A Chicago lawyer sat beside Lev serving as interpreter. Once Chairman McClellan handed over a letter which the lawyer read to Lev. "I do not dispute the letter, but I never took care, as far as the office is concerned," Lev said.

McClellan blinked: "You never what?"

Lev: "I never took care as far as the office."

Lawyer: "What he means is he didn't write the letter."

"I hate like hell to praise myself, but at the same time I cannot go away from the truth," Lev told the committee.

Once he abruptly broke off the committee's questions to give a Bible lecture. He related how David, the ex-shepherd, hung a horn in his bedroom after he became king of Judah and Israel. The reason, said Harry Lev, was



*"The way it was testified, it means that Harry Lev is a chiseler. Well I am not . . ."*

"because in his mind is going to run away with him, when he is going to look at that horn he is going to remind himself of where he comes from."

Lev fumbled in his pocket. Then he jumped to his feet, held up one hand high above his head. On the second finger was a thimble. "This is where I started," he shouted. "With a thimble. This is my horn. My thimble. Any time my mind will ever run away with me, that horn is going to tell me stay where I belong, come down, stay where you belong."

The investigation brought an immediate return to the U.S. Treasury. Committee investigators were struck by one of Lev's government contracts for 169,646 khaki garrison hats. Lev had offered to make them for 18¢ apiece, but kindly government administrators gave him the contract at 21¢ apiece.

Lev was astonished. "Would I know personal about this in a year that you would call my attention to a thing of that kind, I would definitely not have accepted it," he insisted. "The way it was testified, it means that Harry Lev is a chiseler. Well I am not . . . the 21¢ and the 18¢ is definitely an embarrassment to

me personal. . . . Mr. Chairman, it is really strike me like a ton over my head. . . ."

Chairman McClellan could not allow Harry Lev to stay embarrassed. A clerk prepared a check for \$5,089.38—representing a 3¢ rebate on each hat—made out to the government. With a self-righteous flourish, Harry Lev signed his name and handed it over to McClellan.

Other contracts were even more interesting. Lev agreed to deliver 1.5 million Air Force garrison caps individually boxed, then packed them two to a box at a net saving of some \$30,000. Bender suggested Lev write out another check, this time for \$30,000 to cover the two-in-one packaging deviation. "Beg pardon," said Harry Lev.

Then Bender wanted to know about rumors that a government clerk had tried to blackmail Lev over this \$30,000 deviation. The resulting colloquy established Harry Lev as an old pro at congressional investigations witnessmanship.

Lev used one of the most difficult stratagems in the entire repertory of witnessmanship. Students of this art have labeled it the clean-breast-in-a-revolving-door ploy. The witness cooperatively invites an inquiring senator to follow him into the revolving door, then tells him to push. The motion is counterclockwise, the secret is speed and the senator does all the pushing. When the speed gets to be too much to take, the senator staggers out dazed and exhausted. Then the witness takes a final solo turn in the door at a gentle dog-trot to prove he had been trying to cooperate all along.

Bender started the door revolving by asking The Hat about his relations with Mrs. Hort, an alleged blackmailer, and one of his partners, a man named Marvin Rubin.

Lev: "One second now. Let me explain you, I do not separate them at all. She invites me to her home . . . that was the time I met Rubin for the first time. . . ."

Bender: "... Why are you trying to deceive us?"

Lev: "I am not."

Bender: "You deny that you had any conversations with her or any contact with her regarding deviations?"

Lev: "... You are telling me something and we are getting mixed up in here and that is why we are not clarified."

CONTINUED



*"I hate like hell to praise myself but at the same time I cannot go away from the truth"*



# Would your family inherit a home or an unpaid mortgage?

**New York Life's low-cost  
Mortgage Protection Plan provides cash  
to keep your home in the family!**



Every man likes to think his home will endure—a haven for his family through the years. One way he can *be sure* is to guarantee immediate funds available for full payment of the mortgage remaining on his home if he should die. That way, his family will never be forced to sell at a loss or move to a less desirable location. And that's why New York Life designed its popular Mortgage Protection Plan.

Under this plan you buy a Term Insurance Policy for the amount of your mortgage. It is issued for a period of 15, 20, 25 or 30 years—depending on the length of your mortgage and on your age. The amount of the policy decreases each year—and as your mortgage is amortized would be *sufficient to pay off the unpaid balance*.

New York Life's Mortgage Protection Plan costs a small amount in comparison to the payments on your mortgage. It assures your family of the most comforting kind of security—a *debt-free* home! Ask your New York Life agent today!

## **Here's how New York Life's Mortgage Protection Plan works:**

If at age 30, you have a 20-year mortgage for \$10,000 on your home and you buy a \$10,000 decreasing *Mortgage Protection Term Policy* with a 20-year period, your annual premium would be \$65.40—which amounts to little more than \$5 a month. After the second year any dividends could be used to reduce these premium payments. If you died the first year, your wife would receive the full \$10,000. If you died later and mortgage payments had been kept up to date, she would receive an amount at least sufficient to pay off the unpaid balance. During the last 5 years, the amount remains constant at \$3,500. After 20 years the policy terminates without value.

**An alternate plan** for mortgage protection combines term with *permanent* life insurance. While premiums are higher, this plan builds *cash values* which can be used later toward your own retirement. Or you can retain life insurance protection *after* you have paid off your mortgage.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

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### **INSURANCE COMPANY**

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Please send me more information on your  
Mortgage Protection Plan.

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CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_ STATE \_\_\_\_\_



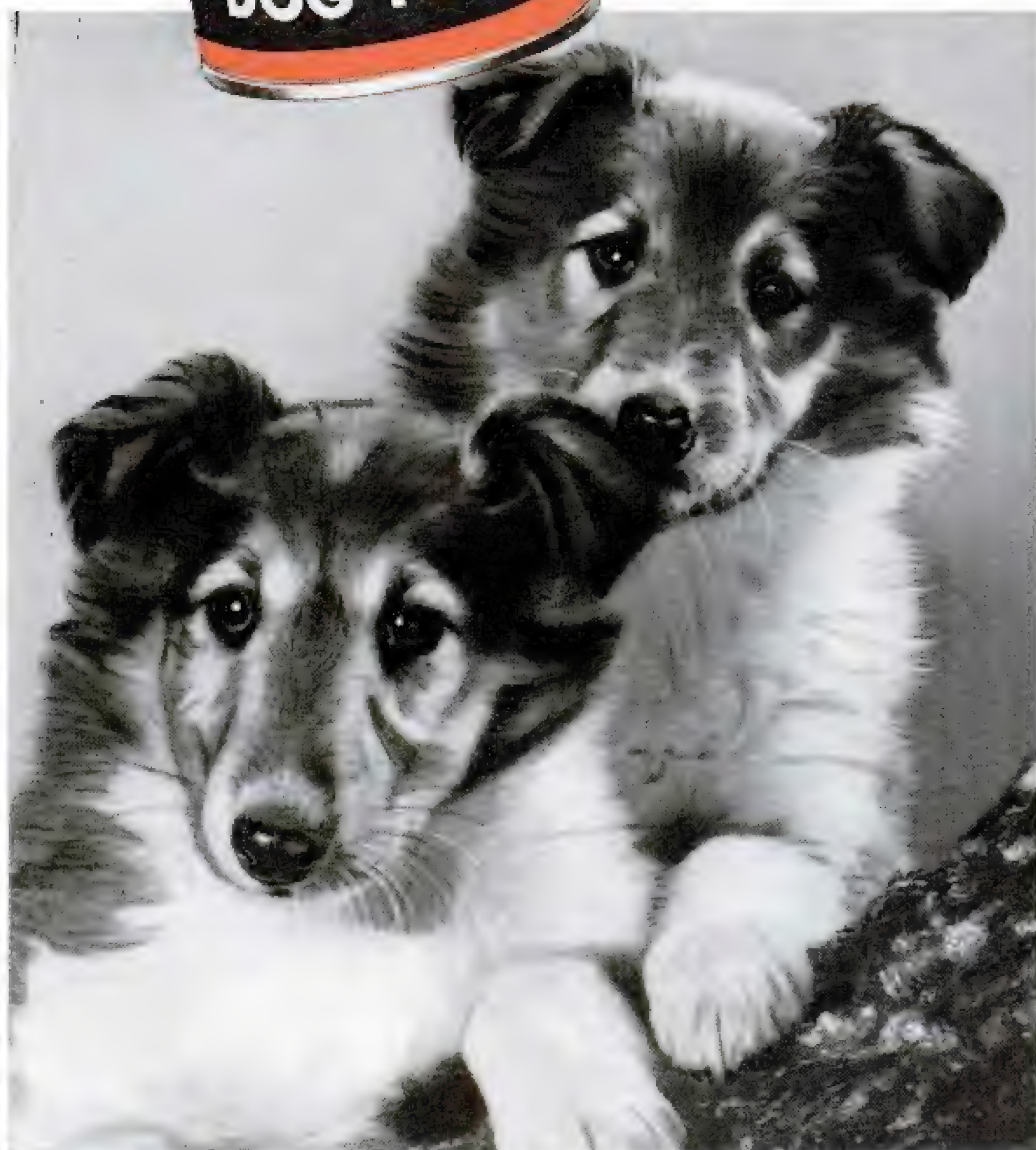


**DOG OWNERS**

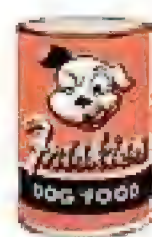
Only a dog food that  
**FULLY NOURISHES**



can  
bear  
this  
seal!



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=



LOW-QUALITY DOG FOODS

Friskies gives your dog up to twice as much nourishment per can as low-quality dog food...yet costs only a few pennies more. Actually saves you money in the long run!

**Specially prepared to the high standards of the  
Carnation Company and the U. S. Government**

ALBERS MILLING CO., DIV. OF CARNATION COMPANY, LOS ANGELES 36, CALIFORNIA

## HARRY LEV CONTINUED

Bender: "I am trying to get unmixed."

Lev: "Unmixed?"

Bender: "Yes, I am trying to get myself free from all this confusion. . . ."

Lev: "You please ask me one question at a time. . . ."

Bender: ". . . I am asking you one question at a time. What was your relationship with Mr. Rubin and Mrs. Hort?"

Lev: "Now you are combining three people together. Two makes a couple, and three makes a crowd."

Bender: "You say that she asked Rubin to give her \$15,000. That is the crowd I am talking about."

Lev: "But she did not told me anything about it."

Bender: "But she told your partner. . . ."

Lev: "I have never discussed with him any deviation whatsoever far as Rubin is concerned. So let's divorce Rubin aside. Let's talk now on something else. . . ."

Throughout the hearing Lev tried his best to remember, but many points just escaped him. His net worth 11 years ago: "If I would tell you exactly, I would not know exactly." Did he know a Mr. Klein? "I have met Mr. Klein twice or once. No, twice. Once." Was an \$8,000 loan made by check or by cash? "As much as I remember—as much as I do remember—I can't answer the question exactly. . . ."

It was a contract for 6,823,428 sailors' white hats that first attracted committee investigators to Harry Lev. Ordinarily such big orders are broken down into small contracts and passed around among small firms. In this case two orders were lumped together into a \$2 million contract. The man who got the order was Harry Lev.

Then other things began to happen. A government inspector glanced through the windows of a deserted building in Puerto Rico, conferred with Harry Lev at the fancy Caribe Hilton Hotel and obligingly certified that the plant had both the machinery and staff to produce the hats on time. Another inspector, whose hotel bill was being paid by one of Lev's partners, obligingly passed 250,000 substandard hats. The Navy is now pressing a \$184,481.30 claim against Harry Lev.

Lev's tax returns for 1952 and 1953 showed \$67,500 for "entertainment and promotional expenses." His bank accounts for those two years showed \$213,924.08 in cash withdrawals. Lev had no explanation. His mind was blank. Government accountants could find no trace of where he had spent it, and Lev told the committee he just could not remember.

But the bank accounts were not the real issue, insisted Harry the Hat. The real point, he said, was that his skill had saved the government more than \$50 million on hats for the armed forces. Modestly he recommended, "I deserve at least from the committee a congressional medal. . . ."

The committee ignored the suggestion. Instead, Chairman McClellan came back to the problem of the unexplained \$214,000. Lev had another helpful suggestion. The committee had told him so many interesting things about his own business that he would now help them in return. He would go home to Chicago and refresh his memory. George Bender wanted to know whom he would talk to in order to freshen his recollection. "Myself," explained Lev.

When Lev's lawyer reported early this month that the self-interviewing technique had produced no results, the committee voted unanimously to recall The Hat. This time they invited Department of Justice lawyers and FBI investigators to sit in on the hearings to see what—if anything—they can make out of Harry Lev.



LEV'S HEADQUARTERS is Chicago factory, the Mid City Uniform Cap Co., where he retired to interview himself on committee's unanswered questions.



# IMPERIAL

**THIS MAN COULDN'T HAVE DONE  
BETTER . . . AND HE KNOWS IT!**



He steps to the curb, dynamic and confident. He's a man who seems big, although after he has driven away you don't especially remember whether he was or not.

What you do remember is the strength of his personality, the way people went out of their way to speak to him. And the glances of approval he got when his car arrived.

It could only be one car — an Imperial. The car and the man are perfect complements — the man of substance and the most impressive car on the road today.

Imperial bespeaks power, leadership and good taste. It is designed for the man who is successful and doesn't have to prove it . . . for the man who doesn't seek prestige because he already has it.

Looking at an Imperial, riding in it, driving it . . . these things change your concept of fine car ownership. But you need more than money. Genuine good taste is a part of the purchase price. This is why the trend today, among the most critical and the most discriminating motorists in America, is definitely to Imperial.

Why not ask your Chrysler dealer for an appointment? He'll be glad to arrange one at your convenience.

**THE FINEST CAR AMERICA HAS YET PRODUCED**



*Hillbourn Brothers*

Continued on page 10









# NEW TACTICS FOR LIMITED WARFARE

**U.S. plans atomic forces  
to meet localized threats**

Photographed for LIFE

by HANK WALKER and GEORGE SILK

The posture of these soldiers couching heads in arms inside a tank to escape the inescapable glare of an atomic explosion has never been seen in war. But it will be an inevitable part of tactical operations in future wars, big or small. These tank men are deeply involved in preparing for atomic war. Behind their preparation lies a new and far-reaching military plan based on two major factors: 1) recognition of a new kind of stalemate that may develop around the hydrogen bomb and 2) development of atomic weapons which can be used against purely military targets.

Some U.S. leaders believe the world is fast approaching an age in which strategic airpower of the U.S. and Russia, armed with hydrogen weapons, will have such mutually annihilative power that, as Winston Churchill said, there will exist a "balance of terror" or stalemate on that level. But as the likelihood of hydrogen war might decrease, chances of limited wars in which an aggressor hacks at the periphery of the free world increase—as in Korea and Indochina.

U.S. leaders realize that the cumulative effect of such limited wars will be disastrous unless the country is prepared to respond promptly to aggression with atomic-armed forces.

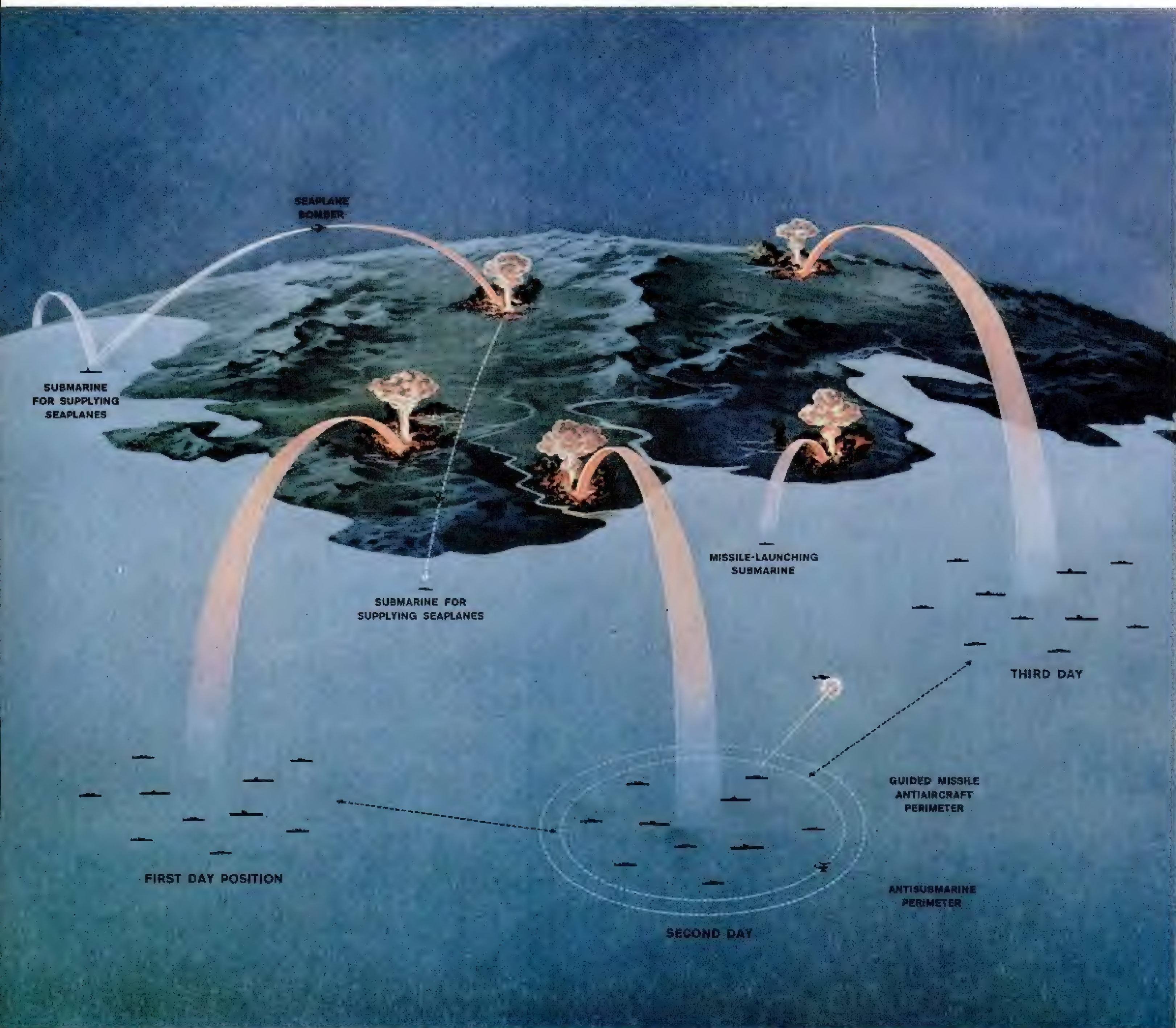
Atomic tests at Yucca Flat showed that nuclear explosions can be controlled to avoid indiscriminate, city-busting destruction. A whole arsenal of missiles, bombs and artillery has been developed which can deliver precise atomic firepower against purely military targets. Such atomic weapons can be used, as President Eisenhower put it, "... just exactly as you would use a bullet or anything else."

On the following pages, with the cooperation of the Department of Defense, LIFE reports on the progress being made in all the services toward developing forces able to use their new power decisively.

**ATOMIC FLASH** bursts through periscopes of closed tank hatches, lighting Army crewmen during a Yucca Flat test.

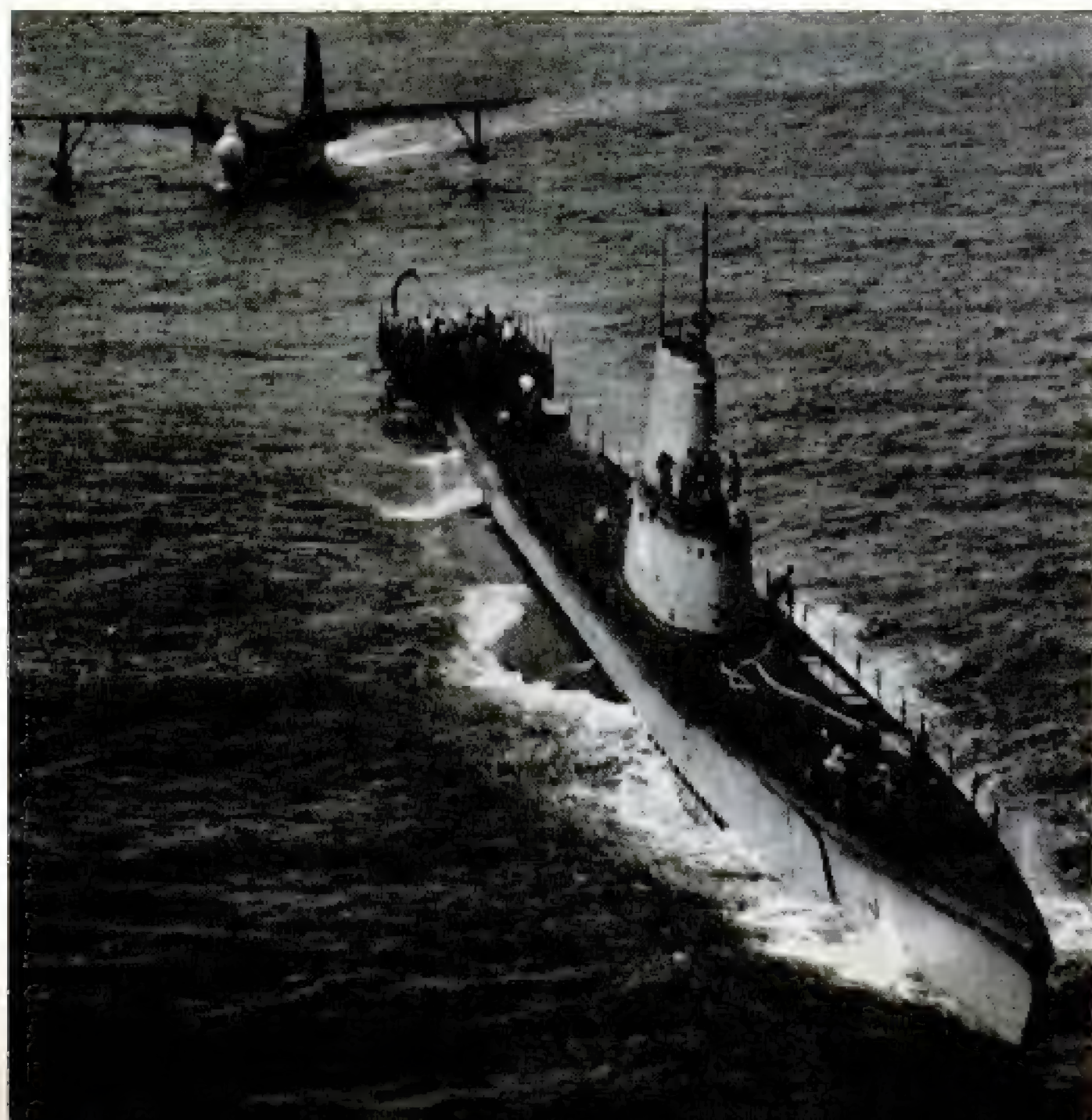
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**ATOM AGE FLEET** is shown as its ships would maneuver while striking on three successive days. Force delivers atomic firepower with carrier strikes, missile-firing

submarines (*center*) and long-range sub-refueled seaplanes (*left*), also throws out double defense (*dotted rings*) against attacks by enemy aircraft and submarines.



## HARD-HITTING NAVY TASK FORCE

The Navy has been given greater mobility for atomic war by radical adaptations like the refueling operation (*left*) and weapons like the missile Terrier (*opposite page*). Other equipment, including atomic power plants for ships already proved feasible in the submarine *Nautilus*, is coming.

The Navy, with these developments, envisions task forces of 10 combat ships, controlling 60,000 square miles of sea. As pictured above, such a task force can shift quickly while its three carriers launch strike planes for hit-and-run attacks or preparation for invasion. The force is ringed by antisubmarine defenses with helicopters acting as sonar listening posts. Seven missile-firing cruisers ward off enemy aircraft.

Coordinating blows are struck by missile-equipped submarines and by jet seaplanes which refuel at secret rendezvous with tanker-submarines, bomb targets and dart deceptively away to other submarine rendezvous.

**REFUELING AT SEA**, a Martin Marlin seaplane is taken in tow by submarine-tanker in successful test off San Juan, P.R. Refueling took about 40 minutes.





**SUPERSONIC ANTIAIRCRAFT MISSILE**, the Navy's Terrier, shoots from the old battleship *Mississippi*, now converted into a guided-missile test ship. The

high altitude rocket-propelled Terrier is designed for local defense of ships and task forces (*see map, opposite page*). For a look at its effectiveness, turn page.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE





TERRIER, THE NAVY'S GUIDED ANTIAIRCRAFT MISSILE, ENTERS FIRST PICTURE AS STREAK APPROACHING BRIGHTLY PAINTED WORLD WAR II LIBERATOR (LEFT).



SECOND TERRIER, ONLY THREE SECONDS BEHIND THE FIRST, APPROACHES ALREADY BURNING PLANE (LEFT) AND EXPLODES WITH SAME TREMENDOUS FORCE





IT NARROWS GAP AT SUPERSONIC SPEED (CENTER PICTURE). WARHEAD EXPLODES (RIGHT), SETTING PILOTLESS PLANE AFIRE AS PIECE OF MISSILE FLIES ON



(CENTER). PLANE, BURNING FIERCELY, LURCHES PAST DOUGHNUT-SHAPED CLOUD (RIGHT). MOMENTS LATER IT NOSED OVER, BROKE UP AND PLUNGED INTO SEA

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE









**HARD-HITTING STRIKE FORCES** with a range that includes all the world are shown in this hypothetical situation as they reach far across the sea to counter limited aggression with tactical atomic weapons. Forces leaving home bases at right consist of fighters, light bombers and command planes followed by

cargo planes carrying men and supplies. Aerial tankers from mid-ocean island bases at center refuel jets of both strike forces which continue on to island airstrips at left. From these forward bases combat planes armed with atomic or conventional bombs go to battle line where a friendly nation is being attacked.

## LONG-RANGING AIR ARM TO STEM AGGRESSORS UNTIL HELP COMES

In support of the new limited war concept the Air Force is fashioning a far-ranging tactical strike force that can move quickly to slow down an aggressive attack until reorganization of ground forces or until reinforcements arrive. By using aerial refueling (*opposite page*), the new forces will be able to reach a battleground anywhere in the world within 24 hours and begin fighting immediately. By bringing combat equipment with them, the forces will be able to sustain themselves indefinitely while hammering at enemy troops and other tactical targets too small or mobile to be hit by strategic air power.

The Tactical Air Command at Langley Air Force Base, Va. expects to

have such a strike force in operation in a year or less. It will include fighters to seek air superiority as well as fighter-bombers and light bombers, all jets and able to attack both with atomic and conventional weapons. In the force's communications aircraft, combat crews will rest during the long initial hop to the faraway forward airstrips. Although fuel reserves must be stockpiled within reach of expected trouble spots, huge cargo planes will carry, on a single flight, enough men, supplies and spare parts to meet other combat needs for at least 30 days. The new units will be completely flexible so that crews and planes from one strike force can be smoothly merged into another to meet different crises.



**BASIC UNIT** of the new tactical air forces will be pairs of fighter-bombers like these swept-wing F84F Thunderstreaks, shown in a rocket-assisted take-off from

runway of Langley Air Force Base in Hampton, Va. If the battlefield situation calls for strikes with atomic bombs, such teams as this one will deliver them.

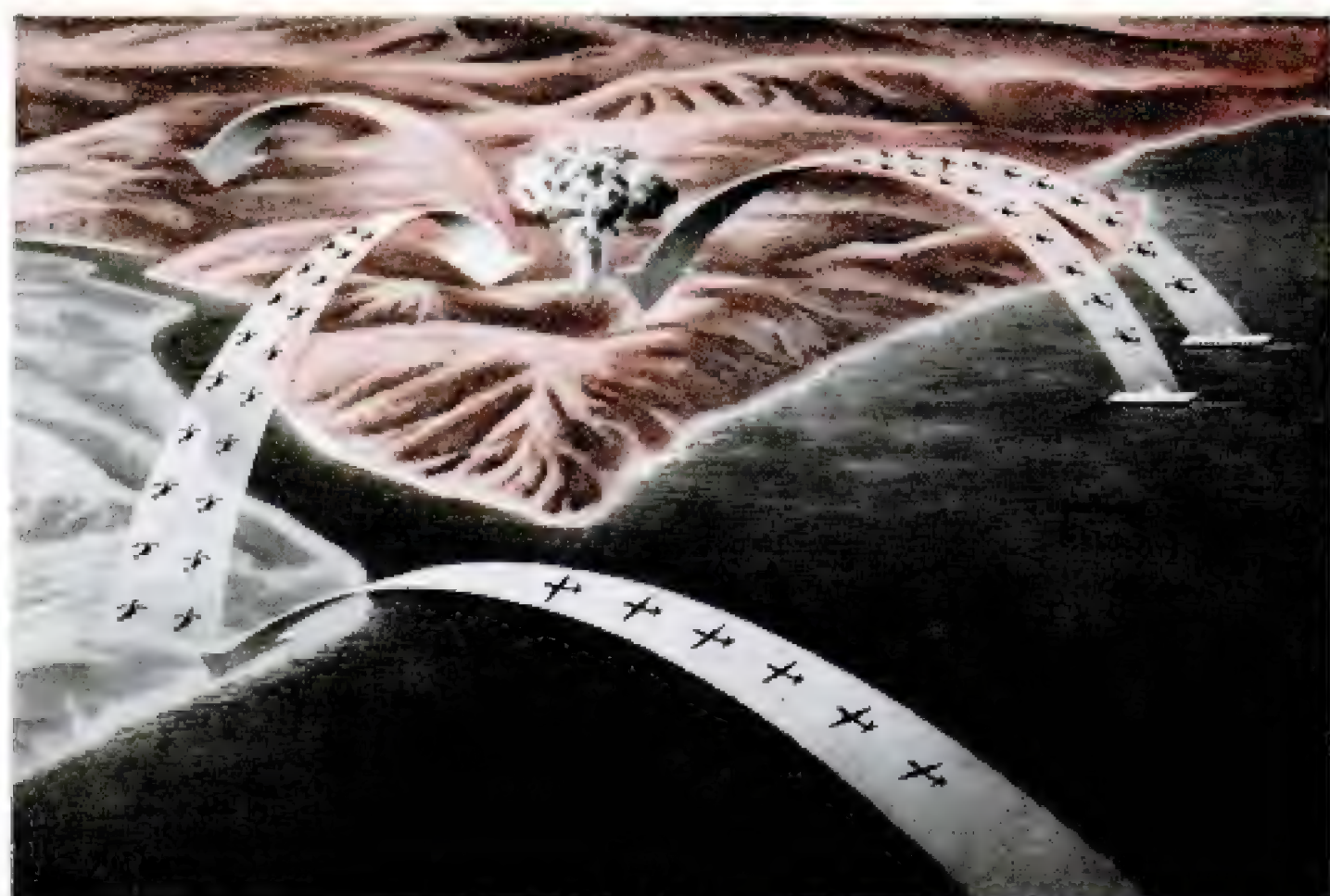




**MARINES LAND** from Convair seaplane on friendly beach, will transfer to helicopters for final assault.



**MARINES OF ATOMIC TEST UNIT NO. 1** LINE UP 900 STRONG BEHIND THEIR COMMANDER AND HIS STAFF



**AIRBORNE ASSAULT** lifts Marines to inland objective by helicopters from carriers (right) and from seaplanes. Objective secured, they hop on to next target.

## MAXIM FOR THE GROUND FORCES:

Of all the military arms the ground forces must make the most revolutionary changes in tactics and thinking to face atomic war. A new maxim—"Concentrate to Fight, Disperse to Live"—must be applied. Some top-ranking military leaders fear the changes may be too revolutionary, leaving the ground forces unprepared for conventional warfare. One man who has had grave misgivings is General Matthew B. Ridgway, retired Army Chief of Staff. He emphasizes the possibility of an imminent stalemate in nuclear weapons (*see p. 71*) and questions whether the U.S. is doing enough to prepare for conventional small wars that may break out anyway. In a farewell letter to Defense Secretary Wilson, released last week, Ridgway predicted that Russian strategy "will be directed toward . . . situations which will preclude the use of nuclear weapons" and reiterated his skepticism that the U.S., in an intermediate period, is maintaining sufficient military manpower to back up its diplomacy.

But still the ground forces must be prepared to fight atomic war if the need arises, and with this Ridgway has no argument. Both Marine Corps





ON A HELICOPTER STRIP AT CAMP PENDLETON, CALIF. THE UNIT AT FULL STRENGTH NUMBERS 1,700 MEN

## DIVIDE BEFORE YOU CAN CONQUER

and Army have atomic test units studying what changes must be made. In Marine Test Unit No. 1 (*above*) 1,700 young officers and men, freed of the influences of tradition, have been ordered to rewrite the book on amphibious warfare (*left*) and answer within a year hundreds of questions ranging from how soon after an atomic blast may troops approach ground zero to how many changes of socks will a mobile Marine carry.

The Army's atomic problems are similar but magnified, for both its size and mission are greater. Two divisions, one infantry and one armored, are studying the problems. Some radical changes already appear imminent. Officers use the terms "combat command" and "battle group" in place of regiment and battalion. Planners have evolved a new basic deployment (*right*) which leaves no two battle groups within the destructive range of a single atomic blast. Defense lines extend from 15 to 50 miles behind the front. With advanced communications equipment and more helicopters, tanks and armored infantry carriers, the Army will combine greatly increased mobility with atom-age firepower (*following pages*).



ARMY ATTACK after mock A-explosion employs mobile armored infantry carriers, tanks, helicopters.



INFANTRY DEFENSE offers no massed targets yet permits atomic counterblows against advancing enemy (*red arrows*). Each block represents battle group.





**NEW T-44 RIFLE** under test by Army Ordnance fires 20 rounds in less than two seconds, also fires shells singly like present-day semiautomatic Garands.

## MORE FIREPOWER ON ALL LEVELS

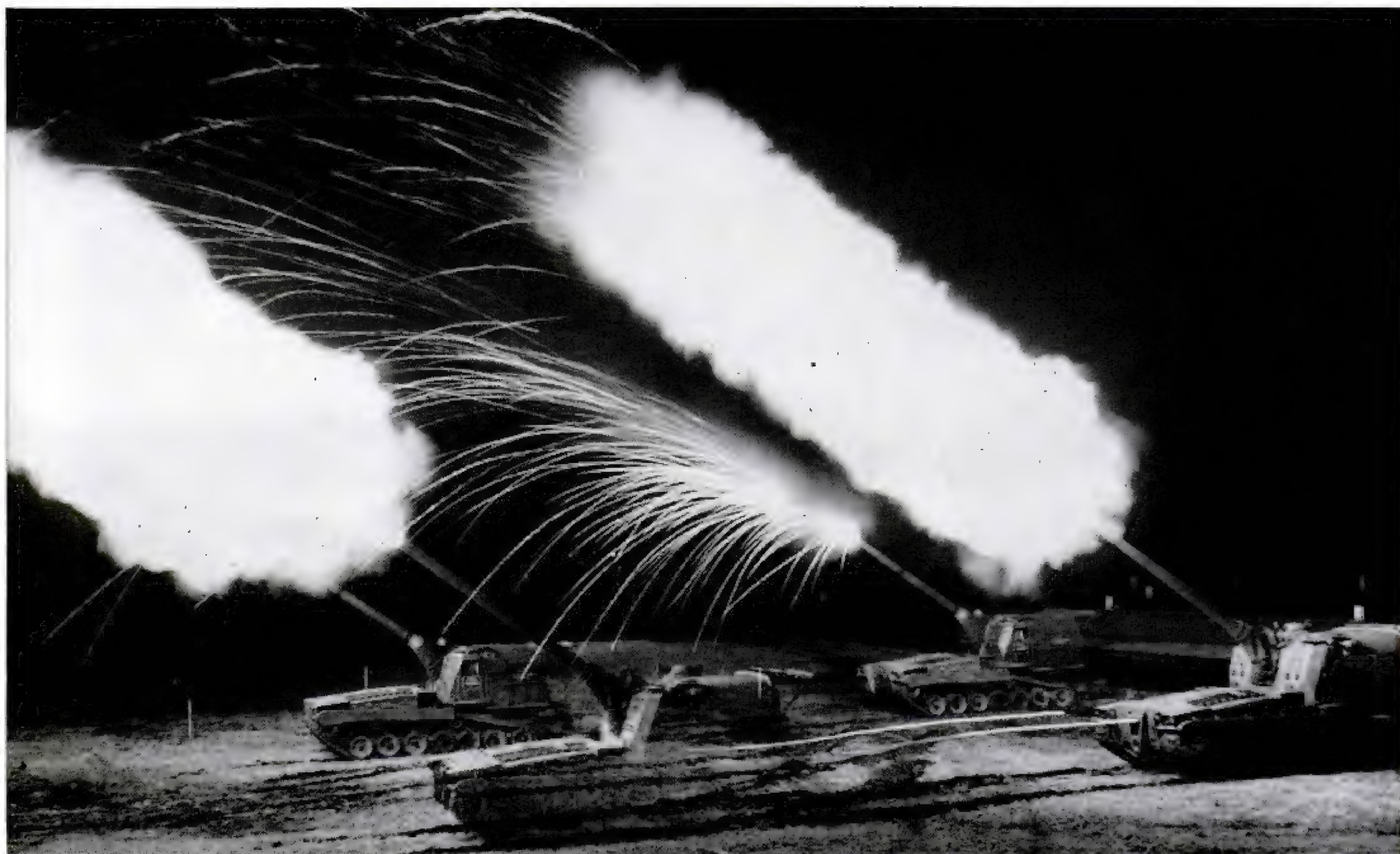
With ground units widely dispersed, Army planners see a need for greater firepower in the hands of each infantryman so that small units can bring more weight to bear on the enemy. The new rapid-fire rifle shown above, a pound and a half lighter than the 9-pound, 11-ounce Garand, is one attempt to answer that need.

In fast-changing situations which will arise artillery must be able to move quickly under its own power while giving gun crews protection against enemy fire and atomic blast. Hence the armored, self-propelled guns shown below which not only fire rapidly but can scoot quickly away before enemy radar spots them to send in swift and deadly counterfire.

Ground commanders must be able to call up atomic strikes when they are necessary, regardless of weather or the availability of tactical air support. For that reason the Army developed Honest John, the free-flight artillery rocket shown on page 83 which has a range of about 18 miles.



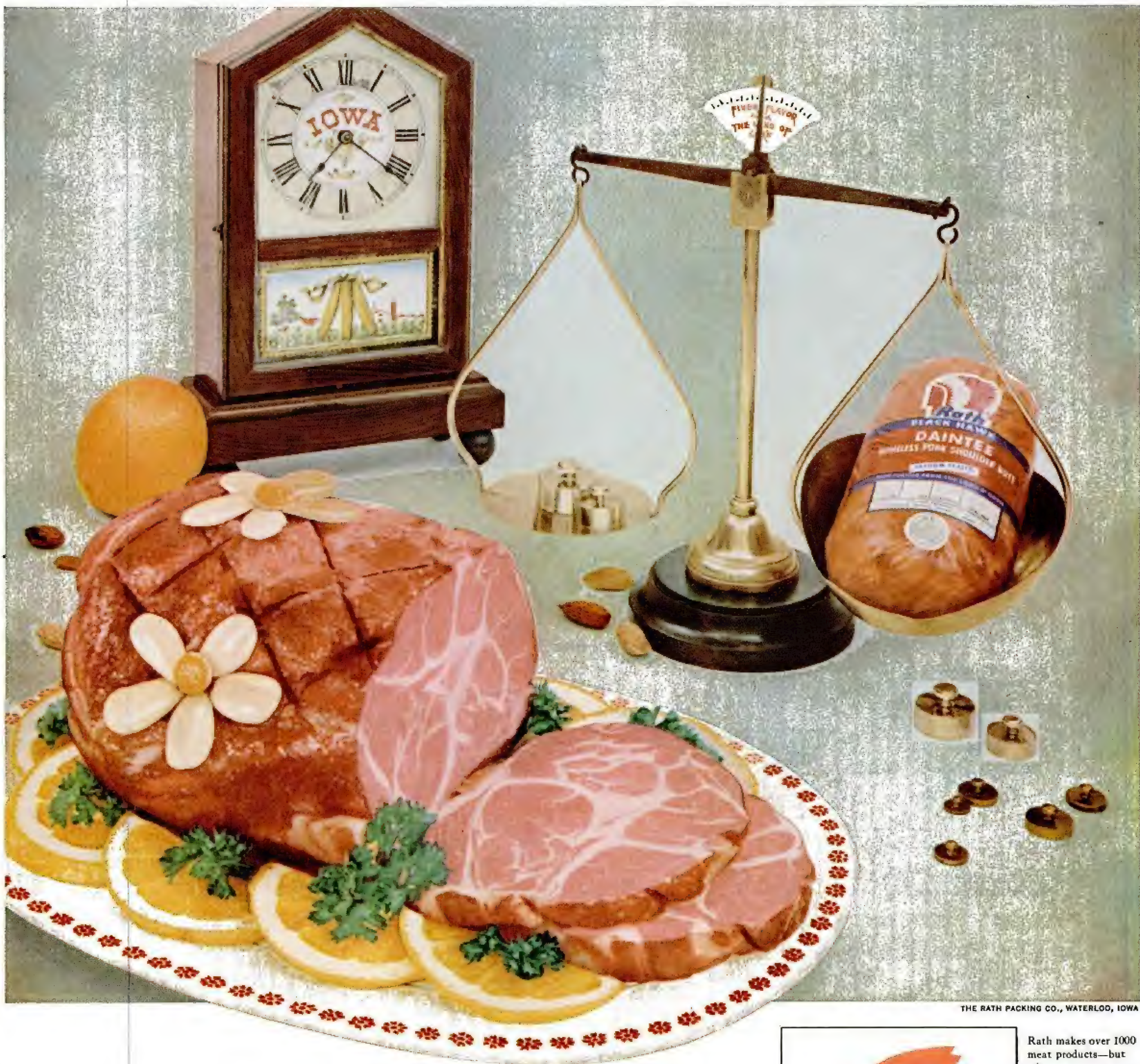
**RAPID FIRE** of T-44 is shown in demonstration. First bullet nears light bulb (*top*), shatters it (*center*), and second bullet hits before pieces of glass can fall.



**FAST-FIRING ARMOR**, two 155-mm artillery pieces, are photographed in time exposure to show mobility as they fire, move forward and fire again in a matter

of seconds. Army is developing a whole arsenal of guns and howitzers armored like these for protection of crews against atomic flash and small arms fire.





THE RATH PACKING CO., WATERLOO, IOWA

## A Daintee is feastin' food...small-family size!

What happens when *small* families get a hankerin' for ham?

They get a Rath Black Hawk Daintee.

For a Daintee has the same hickory-smoke tang, the same woodsy-sweet flavor—but it's cut from the *shoulders* of Rath's famous corn-fed porkers and weighs in at a mere *1 to 3 pounds*.

Simple arithmetic points out that's a mighty usable size for small families who

love ham but don't go for leftovers.

And right down to the last little nibblin' bit, this lean, boneless cut has more *juiciness*, more *tenderness* than you can shake a stick at.

Bake it, fancied up something elegant with orange rings. Or boil it, plain-every-day-like and send dad into ecstasy! However you serve it, a Daintee is real feastin' food, small-family size.

# Rath Black Hawk Meats

FINER FLAVOR FROM THE LAND O' CORN



Rath makes over 1000 meat products—but when you try any one it's one in a million!





## *They know the other Freedom...*

THROUGHOUT history, only the kings, the very rich or the powerful rode... all others walked. Most people in the world are *still* walking. Those who walk live their lives in a small space—see little that's any distance from their doors. The workman must live near his job—the farmer is almost a prisoner on his own farm. It must be more than just coincidence that the *plodding* man... the man whose one method of locomotion is the age-old placing of one foot ahead of the other... generally toils harder for less, loses more wars, and gives up more personal liberties than the man who masters the mass production of powered vehicles.

In America, everybody rides. It is hard for Americans to realize that ownership of a car... *any* car, *any* age, in *any* condition... is a thing that comparatively few men outside the U. S. ever achieve. In our country there's one car for every four people. In the rest of the world it's a ratio of one car for hundreds of people.

We *go* places in America. A Maine fisherman tells you how hot it was the day he drove across Death Valley. On a living-room mantel in Texas you find a picture of the family taken on top the Empire State Building in New York. Every summer hundreds of people from Oregon walk up and touch the Liberty Bell in Philadelphia. It's hard to

understand the problems of a man living in a different climate, raising different crops, when you've never seen him, never passed by his house. Perhaps that's why some wise, thoughtful men have said that our ability in America to move about as individuals, has had a great bearing on our ability to stick together as a Democracy.

That ability to move about has been given to us by the people who make up what is rather simply called the "automotive industry." In the short time they've been at it they have produced and serviced 112 *million* cars. They have supplied us with the 10,000,000 trucks that today take their cargoes into every nook and cranny on the map. We can seat 10,000,000 people at a time in the buses they've built.

But what do all those figures *really* mean? Perhaps just this: people who have freedom of *movement*, seem to be better able to gain and to keep the greater freedoms of speech and of worship... the freedom from fear and from want. If that happens to be only coincidence... let's be glad it "happened" in America!

*John Hancock*

MUTUAL LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY  
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

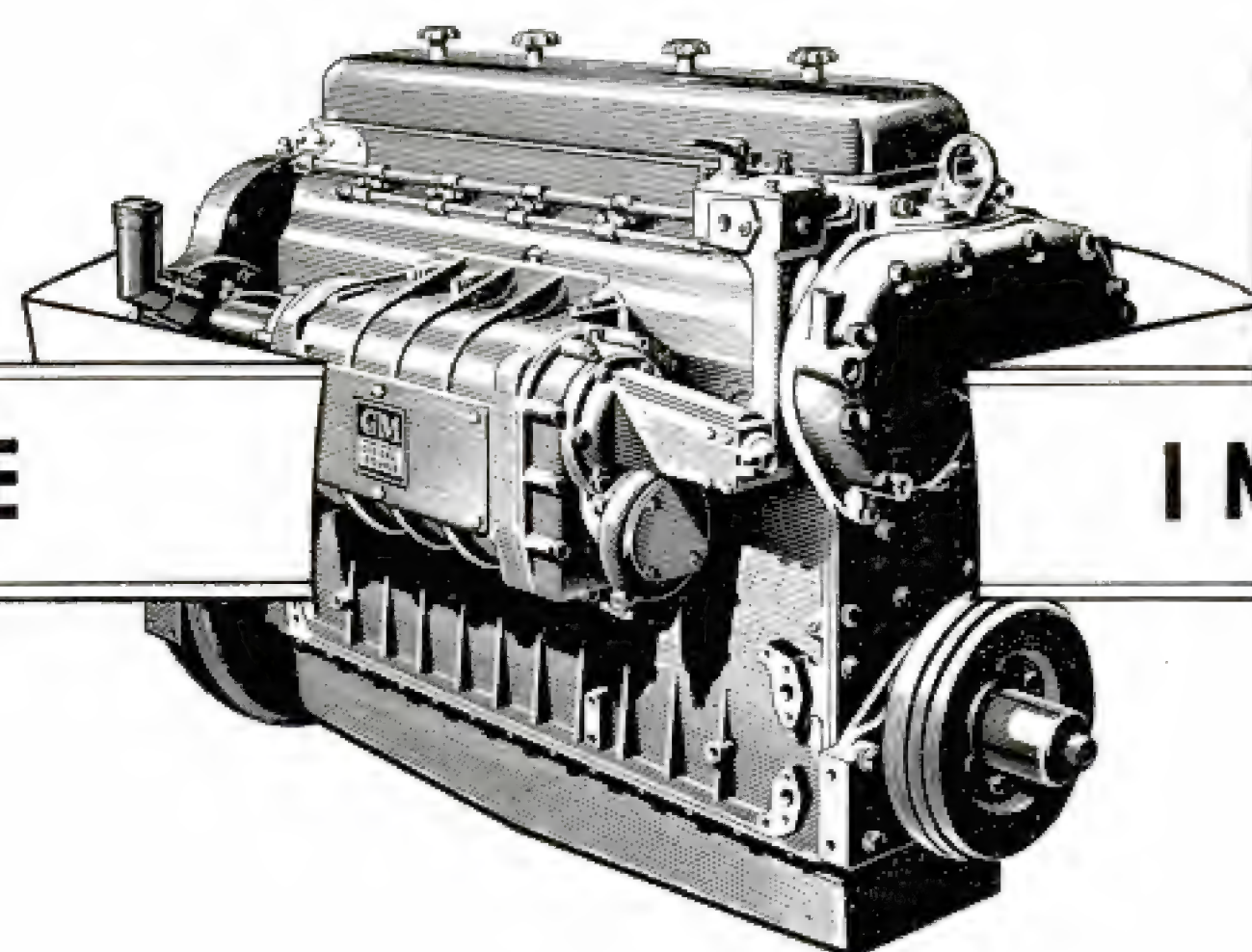


New Tactics  
CONTINUED

RIISING FROM MOBILE LAUNCHER,  
HONEST JOHN ARTILLERY ROCKET  
KICKS BACK FIRE, SMOKE, DIRT



NEW MILESTONE



# General Motors its Production of 100 M

**W**ITHIN the next few days General Motors' production of Diesel engines will reach the impressive total of one hundred million horsepower.

This has been achieved since the first GM two-cycle Diesel engine was shown at the Chicago World's Fair in 1933.

In these twenty-two years the GM Diesel Engine has become one of the major sources of America's productive power. It has revitalized entire industries, made possible great new achievements in many fields.

These engines range in size from the 2250-horsepower locomotive units that now pull most of America's famous trains down to small 30-horsepower engines for pumps and tractors.

They are powering earth-movers on great construction projects; driving road-building equipment that is rushing needed highways to completion.

They are drilling for oil, crushing rock, sawing wood—operating more than 750 different types of industry's working tools.

On farms, GM Diesels drive tractors, irrigation pumps, feed mills and cotton gins. On the roads they provide the motive power for countless trucks and buses.

And on the seas and waterways they turn the propellers of tugs and towboats, fishing and fireboats, work and pleasure craft of every type—and most of America's submarines.

All this GM Diesels do with greater efficiency, with lower maintenance and fuel costs, than other types of engines they have superseded—thanks to GM improvements in design and engineering.

For the Diesel was not new when General Motors undertook its development a quarter-century ago. It was invented in 1892 but for many years never found wide use because of its size and weight, ranging as high as 250 pounds per horsepower.

Then GM engineers took it in hand. By perseverance and ingenuity they reduced Diesel weight by more than 90%. They changed it from four-cycle to two-cycle operation,



## INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS

# celebrates million Diesel Horsepower

making it smoother in performance. And they devised a highly efficient fuel injection system that insured cleaner, more economical fuel consumption.

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## Who's got LIFE?

My family and I, thank heaven, live in a busy household. Because of my wife's painting career, the varied interests of our growing children and my own reading needs, we have a flood of printed matter coming into our home. But despite the happy influence of all the magazines, the big question on delivery day is, "Who's got LIFE?"

Perhaps because of my own work in the motion picture industry, I am particularly intrigued by LIFE's consistently good choice of photographs. LIFE reaffirms for me the value of the image. In the studio and in my own library

the magazine remains an invaluable aid in research. LIFE provides a look at living history. It records contemporary moments that so quickly become moments of history. The shifting tides of domestic and national affairs are recorded in wonderful, pictorial recollections that reawaken memories and instances of wonder, fear, excitement, pain and pleasure.

LIFE seems to cover in one way or another the interests of all of us, and to whet our curiosity. Even in the instances where we disagree with LIFE's point of view, we find the magazine absorbing and comprehensive.

**Dore Schary**

*Vice-President  
Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Pictures*

*LIFE, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 20, N. Y.*





BEHIND THEIR BATTERY OF TELESCOPES AND BINOCULARS MEMBERS OF THE JUNIOR ASTRONOMY CLUB OF GREELEY, COLO. TAKE A SEARCHING LOOK AT THE PLANET SATURN

# STRUCK BY THE STARS

*U.S. youngsters invade the grown-up world to spur a hobby boom in astronomy*

On a football field in Greeley, Colo., a 7-year old boy peered through a telescope and exclaimed, "There really is a ring around there, like you said!" Marveling at the sight of Saturn and the other wonders of the evening sky, the excited-looking boys and girls above are among thousands who are doing much the same thing night after night all over the U.S. In the last few years the fun of looking at the stars and the planets has turned astronomy into a fast-growing hobby now followed by an estimated 25,000 American youngsters.

The leading manufacturer of low-cost telescopes (under \$50) has nearly tripled its annual sales in four years. Last year Americans bought nearly 50,000 cardboard-disk "star finders." In the same year, when it was first put on the market, a \$14.95 toy planetarium was snapped up

by more than 90,000 customers. Some of this equipment was purchased by adults who intended to use it themselves, but the boom has come about chiefly because of the under-16 market.

Adult astronomers, who are delighted with the sudden upsurge of youthful interest in their field, generally attribute the boom to the post-war emphasis on science in general and space travel in particular. Professionals point out that some of the more advanced stargazers are even making a real contribution to science (p. 90). And all of the children are delighting their parents—all, that is, except the youngster who disturbs the household by getting up at 3 a.m. to view a configuration of the planets. "Sometimes," a Texas father complained on such an occasion, "we could do with a little more sleep and a little less astronomy."



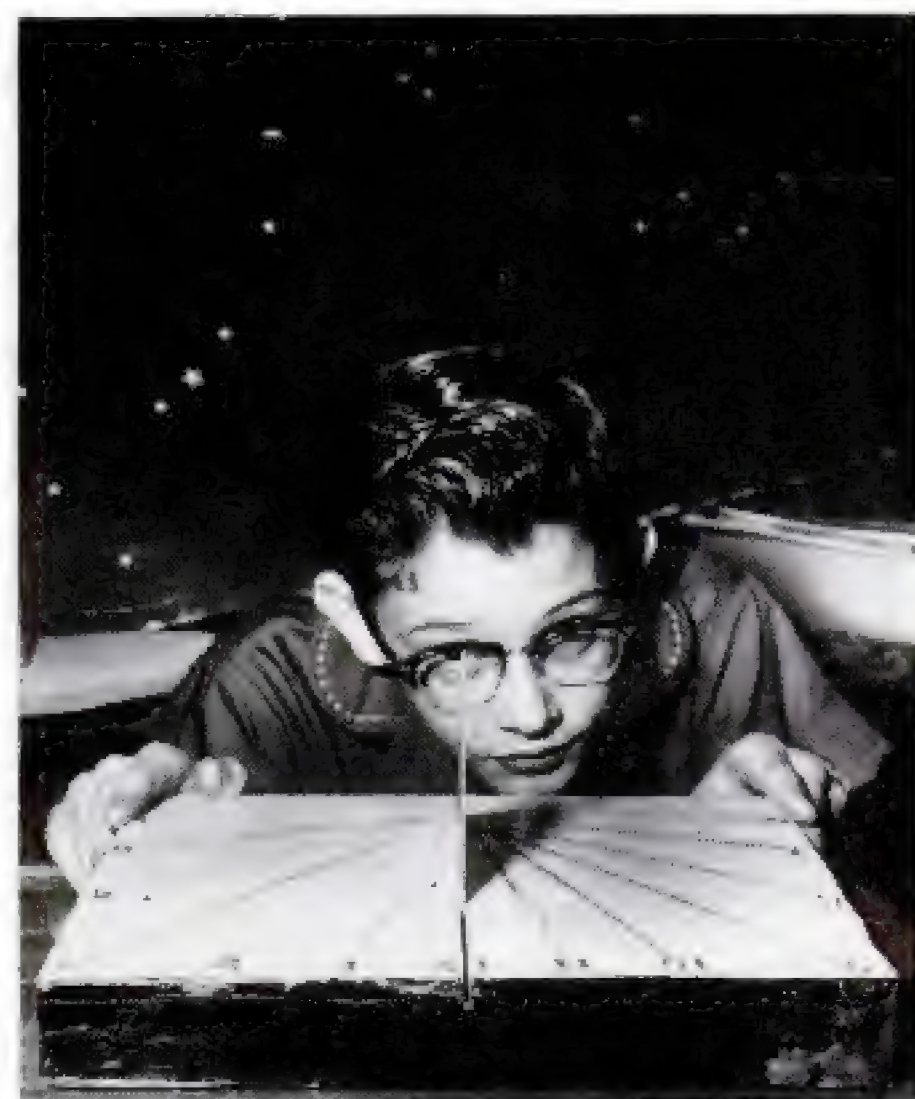


**LEADING INFLUENCE** on U.S. junior astronomy, Miss Charlie Noble, 77, starts meeting at Fort Worth Children's Museum in planetarium which is named for her.

## THE CRAZE FOR CLUBS

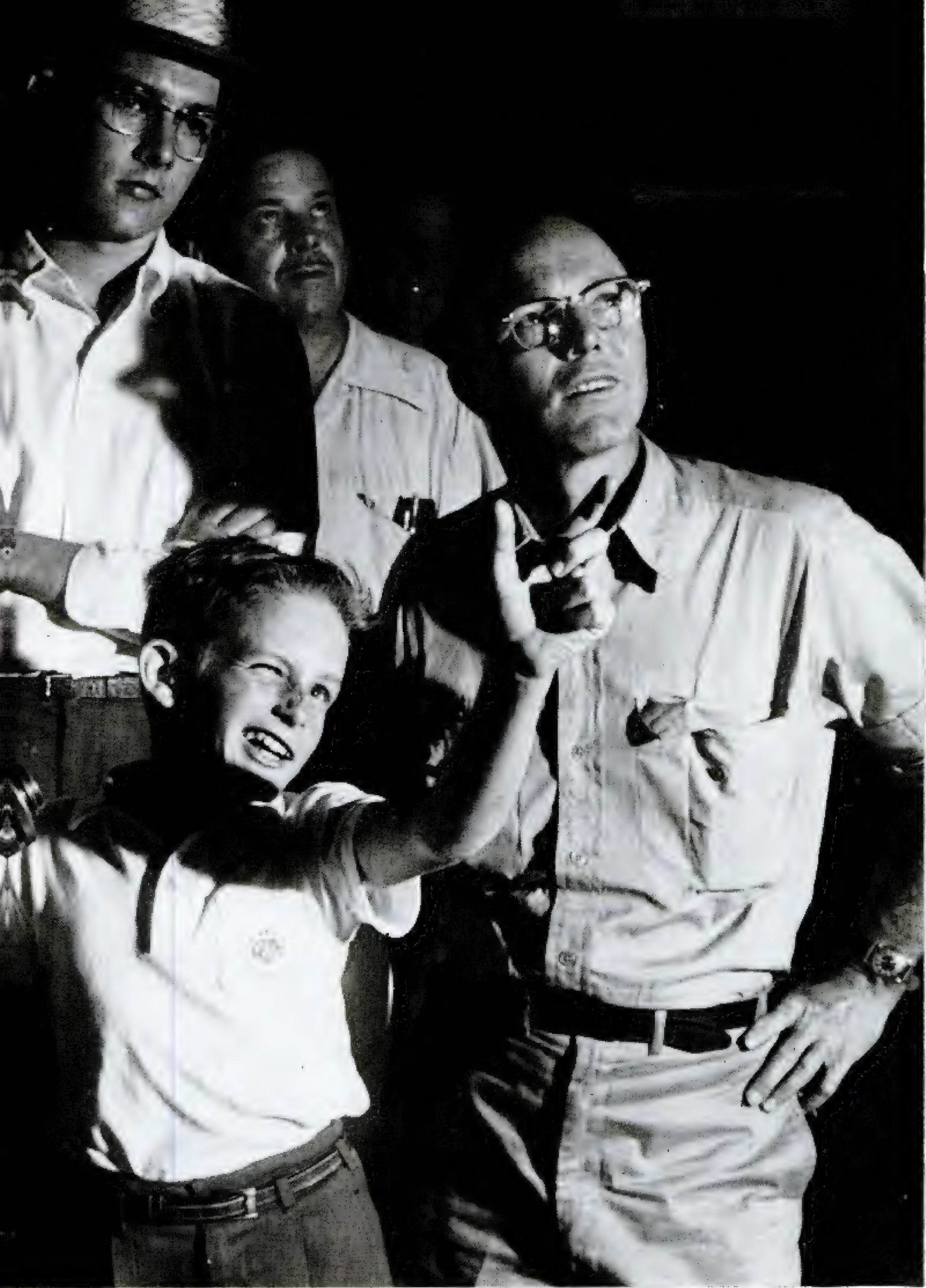
The most active junior astronomers are the thousand or more youngsters who belong to some 60 different junior astronomy clubs in the U.S. Many of the clubs are affiliated with the national Astronomical League, comprised of adults, and they operate on the theory that astronomy should be not only social but scientific. Club members attend weekly classes to give reports to each other and hear lectures by advanced members, make field trips to observatories, build models of the planets and even grind lenses for their own homemade telescopes. On clear nights they gather to take turns on the telescopes, which are always too few to go around, and look at the stars. A hint of where all this may end was dropped by one enthusiastic 11-year-old in Seattle. "I intend," he says, "to go right on studying so when space travel is available, I'll know where I'm going."

**NORFOLK** Ross Goode, 10, tells strollers in the city park about Saturn ("It looks like a fried egg") after giving them a close-up view through 10-inch reflector telescope at his side. Public astronomy shows like this are put on regularly by the Junior Astronomy Club of Norfolk.



**FORT WORTH** A homemade sun dial is examined by Jimmy Joiner, 10. Ricky Baish, 8, (left) displays "star umbrella" he made for party-going.

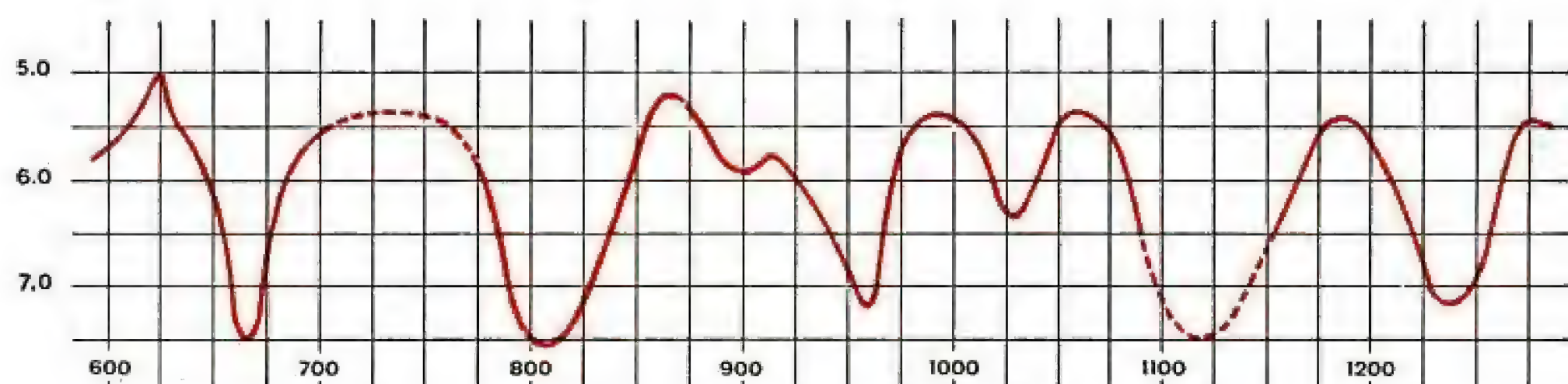




**CHICAGO** In homemade planetarium decorated with solar pictures, Cecily Resnick, 12, studies the pinholes she punched in the roof to simulate the solar system.

← **SEATTLE** Demonstrating his homemade 6-inch reflector telescope, Bill Bowerman, 13, addresses annual convention of national Astronomical League. He is a junior member.





**LIGHT CURVE** plotted by Aronowitz shows brightness of variable star R Scuti. Figures at left are

scale of brightness. Those at bottom are astronomical day designations from July 1953 to July 1955.

## STARGAZING OF GENUINE VALUE

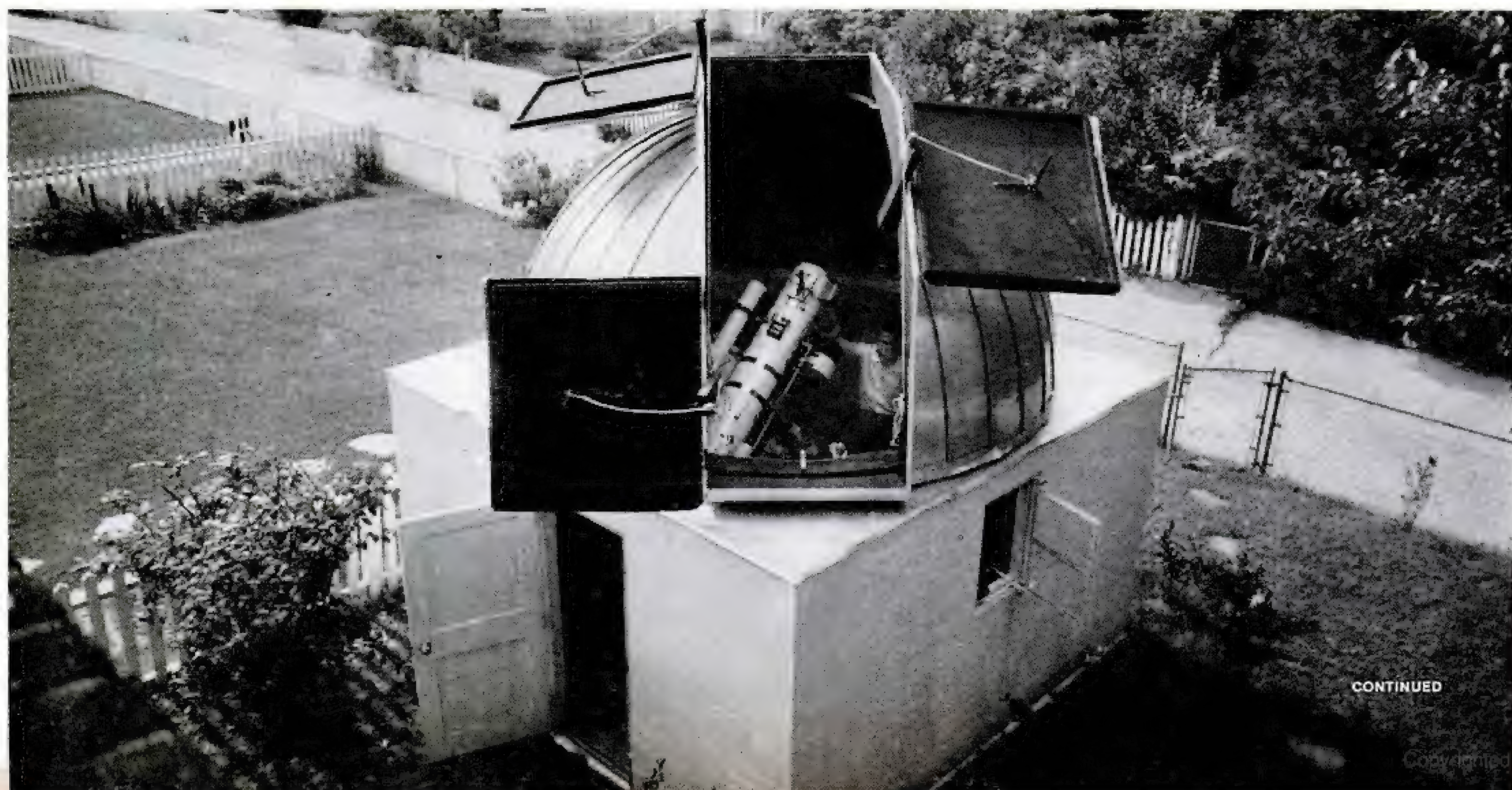
The aristocrats of junior astronomy are the dedicated teen-agers like Charles Aronowitz, 17 (right), who do more than simply observe and exclaim. Charles keeps precise records of the changing appearance of variable stars, so called because they fluctuate in brightness. Along with grownup amateurs all over the world, he

and some 30 other juniors forward their findings to the American Association of Variable Star Observers, which helps provide basic data that professionals need but are too busy to compile themselves. Charles, who averages 350 observations a month, says endurance is the thing, "especially in winter when it's 10°."



**BROOKLYN** On apartment roof Aronowitz and other advanced members of Junior Astronomy Club of New York look for brightest variables which begin to appear at dusk. Club members have already reported 7,000 observations this year to the variable star association.

**WASHINGTON** Inside the tin-domed observatory which he built in the yard of his home, Philip Lichtman, 18, checks his battery of four telescopes. His various photographs of the moon and Jupiter have won high praise from professional astronomers.



CONTINUED



# Who ate my Post Toasties?



Some things are too good to share...so any red-blooded young man likes to stake out his private claim to Post Toasties. But — when claim-jumpers have been around, don't try to fill in with other corn flakes. Only Post Toasties have that special crisp, golden-corn flavor, so hurry to the store and get some more.

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JUNIOR ASTRONOMERS CONTINUED

## A DAD'S \$50,000 GIFT

Just about the luckiest junior astronomer in the country is a high school student of Bucyrus, Ohio, named Charles Michael. This spring, at the age of 15, Charles became the proud owner of a brand-new \$50,000 observatory, a gift from his father, Walter J. Michael, president of the Ohio Locomotive Crane Co.

Located in the garden of the family's 13-acre estate, the observatory is bigger than most college observatories and was built according to Charles's own plans. The 35-foot-high rotunda houses a 10-inch refractor telescope, and the rest of the stone-faced building contains a chart room, photographic dark room and walnut-paneled library. Right now Charles, a straight-A student, likes nothing better than opening up the dome roof and observing variable stars. But for him astronomy will remain an avocation. When he grows up, Charles wants to be a surgeon.



**INSIDE OBSERVATORY,** Charles and his father steady telescope tube as it drops into place. Including base, telescope when installed weighs 3,200 pounds.

**AS CHARLES (LEFT) WATCHES, A 55-FOOT CRANE SWINGS THE TELESCOPE MOUNTING ABOVE THE DOME SLOT, ONLY OPENING WHICH IS BIG ENOUGH TO ADMIT THE EQUIPMENT**





# How Do-It-Yourself Are Clobbering

## THEY SPILL BLOOD ALL OVER BY NOT

I NEVER blamed my father, a New Mexico fruit grower and auto mechanic, for the fact that I wasn't manor-born, but I used to regret it just the same. From childhood I've been afflicted with a mild form of schizophrenia, in that while my personal habits are often sloppy and my table manners short of elegant, I yearn for the *trappings* of gentility.

So six years ago, loaded with book royalties, I moved my family to Rockland County, N.Y., 35 miles up the Hudson from Manhattan, where I took a stone mansion and 10 acres off the relieved hands of another young author. He had had leanings toward expensive remodeling but had never been able to finish two of the upstairs bathrooms. Nor had he converted the brambles and poison ivy into rolling lawns, although it was obvious from the way the house was situated that it was meant to be set off like a jewel in a sea of green velvet. All it needed was elbow grease.

"Mind you, I've got no illusions about this," I assured my apprehensive wife Natalie. "I know I'll have to do everything around the place without benefit of butler or gardener."

"You couldn't keep a butler anyway," Natalie said. "Not after he found out your idea of dressing for dinner is putting on a clean T-shirt."

The rolling lawns stayed uppermost in my mind, and whenever I could spare an hour from my other caretaker duties, I attacked the wilderness with brush hook, shears, saw and axes. There was a price, of course. It had been a long time since my old man had kept me in practice on brush-cutting, and what I now gained in pride and saved in a gardener's salary was sometimes paid in bloodstains on the widening green moat around my castle.

But all my wounds, at this writing, have been superficial, really insignificant compared to the mayhem some of my neighbors and co-Do-It-Yourselfers have committed on themselves. At first I thought my friends were just exceptionally clumsy, but recently I bumped into some pretty upsetting statistics. And now, with summer in full swing and millions of citizens spending their weekends and vacations rebuilding or at least maintaining their homes, it is my bounden duty to pass on these statistics, just as I got them from a doctor in my county whom I'll call Joe Schuyler.

The doc is a Do-It-Yourself type too. Because of an expanding waistline, he set out to get exercise by clearing his back lot. He used an electric chain saw. To haul the firewood which the saw piled up so effortlessly, he then bought a garden tractor and trailer—the kind you can ride on. Then came an attachment for spreading grass seed and fertilizer, and finally a gang-mower—with a seat, of course.

I had business with Schuyler not long ago: a small cut in my leg. "Well, Doc, your place looks better all the time but you look just the same," I greeted him as I entered his home office and stared pointedly at his midriff. It had become an old gag between us but this time he didn't look amused.

"You can lay off references to my labor-saving machinery from now on," he growled. "I'm getting rid of it." He glanced distastefully at the bloody spoor I had left across his threshold.

"Brush hook," I told him. "Stepped up for a fresh swing before finishing the old one. But I don't mention this to anybody. It's pretty embarrassing."

"Why, you poor maimed fool," he said as he went to work with swabs and needles, "do you still think you and I have been exclusive in our bumbling efforts at self-reliance? Take my word for it, boy, this isn't a doctor's office any more. It's a forward aid station for an army of tinkers. I've got dozens of chronic emergency cases just like you whose every patch of scar tissue I can identify: punctured eyes from grinding tools, dissolved livers from carbon tetrachloride fumes, missing fingers from cutting tools. . . ."

"Look who's talking," I said. "What about the time you cooked your arm leaning on the exhaust pipe while you were shutting off that tractor?"

### A Kentucky antibiotic

EXACTLY," Schuyler said, finishing the bandage on my leg, locking the door and opening up a bottle of what he assured me was an old Kentucky antibiotic. "And that's not all that rig did to me before I put it up for sale. Why, I won't even go near a chain saw again as long as I depend on my hands to earn me my living. I advise you to do the same."

"Look, Doc," I said, "not everybody is clumsy like you. We're mechanically gifted

*Hedge-trimmer cuts his own electric cable and wife risks falling out of window when their attention is distracted by disaster (opposite).*



# Amateurs Themselves

## HEEDING SAFETY RULES BY *Bill Mauldin*

people and it's to our credit if we're determined to live gracious suburban lives like in the four-color ads, despite the cost of labor."

"A pretty speech," he retorted, "but you don't really believe that myth of Native American Ingenuity, do you? Not one citizen in 10 can change a spark plug in his own car. Yet right now people are sliding millions of dollars across hardware counters for complicated and expensive tools to carve themselves up."

"You've changed, Doc," I said. "You are no longer one of us."

Schuyler agreed that he was not. And it wasn't just his machinery attacking him, he told me. He began reminiscing about the old-style summers and about how relaxing this time of year used to be for a doctor. A week's haul for him would include, say, a dozen poison ivies, four or five bee and spider jobs, a copperhead bite, a few children's fractures, some car wrecks for surgery and maybe a toadstool poisoning.

### Expecting a basket case

BUT now," he said. "Why, the things people do to themselves in the basement or yard, especially with power tools, is downright sickening. Any day I expect a basket case from one of those combination drill presses, lathes, buzz saws and whatnot. And the hours—I've had patients come in at 3 a.m. all battered up from working all night with power tools on a chair leg they could have whittled out of a broomstick with a rusty butcher knife in 10 minutes."

"Man, something besides that chain saw sure bit you," I said. "Do you propose to stop the march of our Handyman Brigade?"

"No, but, by Heaven, I can read the casualty list." Schuyler poured us fresh medication and began rummaging through his desk. He came up with a copy of a long speech entitled, "'DO-IT-YOURSELF'—Safety Tips for the 'Handy' Man or Hobbyist and 'Handy' Woman, Too," as presented to the Greater New York Safety Council by Arthur A. Burroughs, an insurance expert on the subject.

"Oho!" I cried. "Now I dig the new Schuyler. The insurance boys have got to you. They'd have us throw away our tools and crawl back on our knees to a bunch of cantankerous, independent plumbers, electricians, carpenters, painters and landscapers,

who either overcharge or don't answer the phone. All this so the insurance companies can avoid paying off an accident policy on a skinned knuckle."

"Skinned knuckle, hey? How about that artist friend of yours? Never handled tools before, but he decides to build his own studio, buys a bench saw, and instead of pushing a narrow board through with a second board, he guides it in with his drawing hand. I used enough catgut on him to string a bull fiddle and he'll be lucky to get near an easel by Thanksgiving."

"Oh, well," I said, "if you're going to bring up accident-prone types, why not go whole hog and use Gordon Wolfe?"

There's a real case for insurance companies. Gordon's house is covered for \$10,000 and he's got a \$2,700 policy on the tools he maintains it with. That doesn't even include disability insurance, which would certainly have come in handy last month. He was working in the basement with an electric drill, dripping sweat into the motor, which he hadn't grounded. The jolt sent him spinning, and on the way down his head hit a corner of his band saw, which, incidentally, he's going to sell to pay the medical bills.

But he feels pretty good. All of a sudden he caught on how lucky he is even to be alive. Of course, his wife has known this ever since his spray-gun incident. Gordon's one of these gadgeteers who'll use a sprayer for anything, even when he has to spend hours masking around something he could have painted in minutes with a brush. In this case he was spraying something yellow in the bedroom and he stepped back to smoke a cigaret and admire the job. His wife, without regard for her own safety, as they say in the citations, groped her way through a chartreuse fog and snatched the lighter out of his hand just in time.

"Gordon is a sad case," Schuyler said, "but in this mass insanity that's upon us the most pathetic victims are the females. To me there are few sights more appalling than a mother of dependent young children, her hipbones already starting to lose the youthful capacity for quick mending, standing on top of a rickety ladder and seeing how far she can reach. Speaking of ladders. . ."

"You're generalizing again," I said. "Let's stick to the isolated cases who have the accidents."

"Isolated!" Doc said. "Wait till you hear what our expert Arthur Burroughs has to



*Husband polishing his own gutters has ladder plowed out from under him when wife is unable to catch runaway power mower.*

CONTINUED



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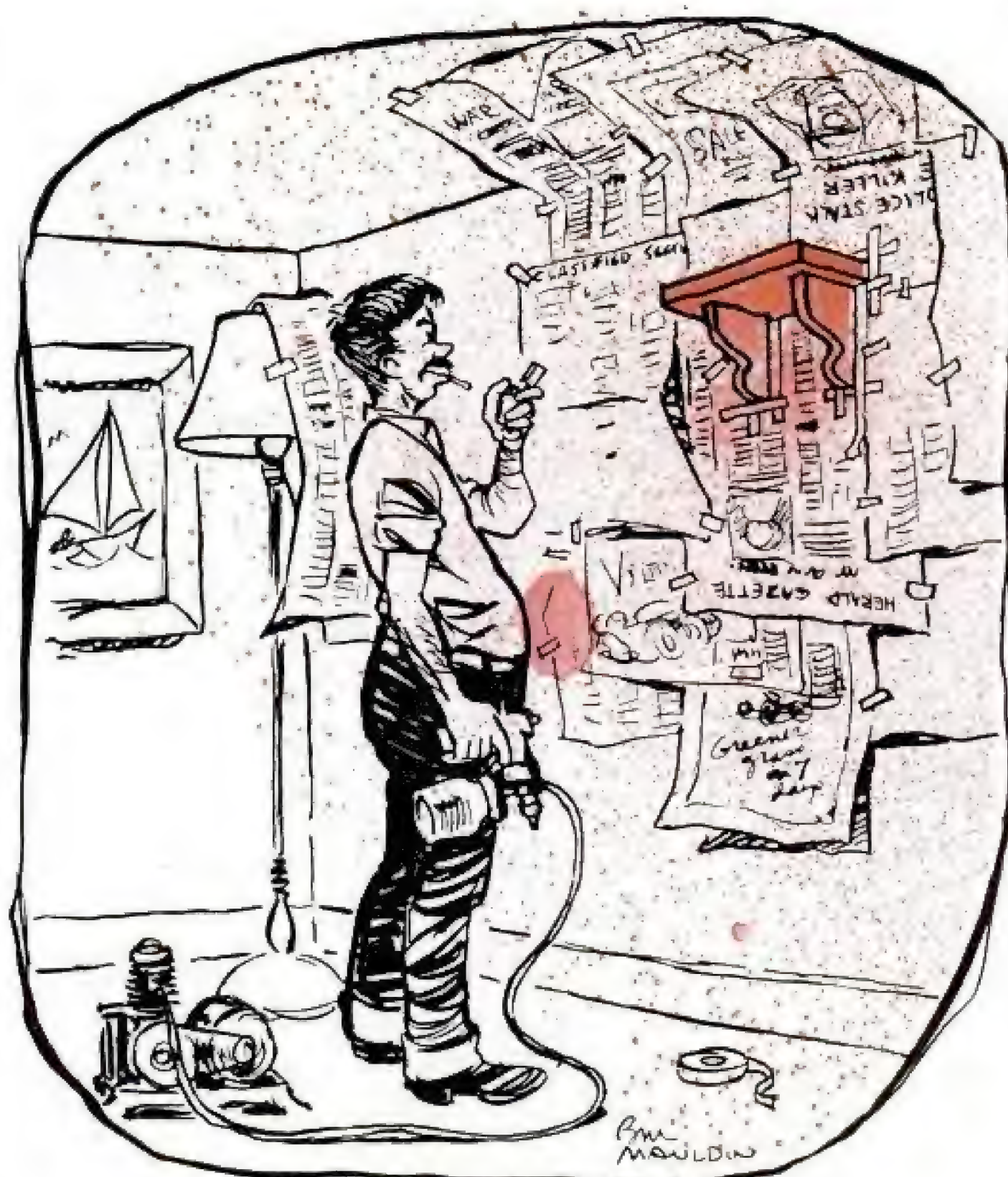
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*Spray-gun-happy amateurs spend hours masking something they could paint with a brush in minutes*

# **HANDYMAN MAULDIN** CONTINUED

say. Just how many Purple Heart cases do you suppose there are in the U.S. every year in this home-fixing horde of yours?"

"Fifty thousand, maybe?"

"Six hundred thousand! These are official figures, and they put household tinkering in the category of war and traffic. Now, I was speaking of ladders when you rudely cut in. It seems that 300,000 accidents, a whole half of the total, involve ladders directly or indirectly. Do you own one?"

"Sure. A 26-foot extension job."

"Twenty-six feet. Do you know the velocity of a 160-pound body falling that distance? Never mind; it says here that many more falls occur below the 10-foot level, where people feel secure."

"I know somebody who went the whole distance on a 26-footer, a fellow named Paul Beech in White Plains. . . ." I started telling Doc, but was interrupted by someone at the door. It turned out to be my wife, who, having last seen me limping toward the doctor's, had become worried at my long absence.

"I thought maybe he'd taken you to the hospital," she said to me as Schuyler hid the bottle. "You might have called."

"We were discussing lawns," Doc told her.

"He's trying to make me give mine up," I said.

"Well, you may call it a lawn," she said, "but other people have other names for it." She was referring, rather unkindly, I thought, to a landscaping outfit which had recently refused to cut our grass while I was away on a trip. They had said they wouldn't come near us with their valuable equipment. A mower salesman who had wrecked his machine while giving me a demonstration had been spreading the word that our lawn is full of rocks and stumps, hidden like booby traps under all that luscious grass.

"Why don't you go find Mrs. Schuyler and say hello," I suggested to my wife. Natalie remembers too many of my misfortunes too well.

"Now about this man Beech with the ladder in White Plains," Schuyler reminded me, generously bringing out the bottle as Natalie left.

I told him that Paul Beech had recently bought one of those lightweight magnesium extension jobs, and described how one night when we were at his place for a terrace party, the bulb went out on a floodlight he'd stuck way up high on the house. He got out his new ladder and shinnied up it with a fresh bulb. He must have fumbled. Some of the more loaded guests swore that when the

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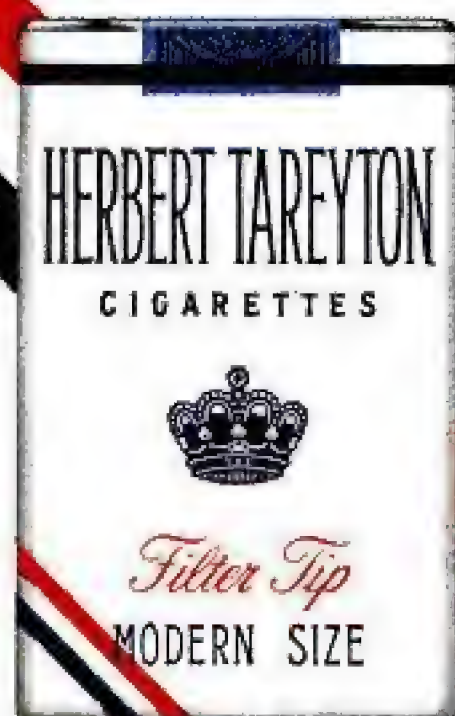
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*I revel in my plush green lawn, even if it is full of booby traps like rocks and stumps.*

## HANDYMAN MAULDIN CONTINUED

magnesium grounded him, the whole ladder lit up like a neon sign.

"Hurt him badly?" Doc asked.

"Naw. Just broke his ankle when he fell."

"I'll give you knuckleheads credit for one thing. You're stoics about each other. Obviously then you favor the cumbersome wooden type of ladder."

I agreed, but not because of the metal ladders' conducting properties. I said it was Paul's second experience that really put me off them. While he was on the top rung, bracing his TV antenna during a windstorm, the ladder blew right out from under him. He scrambled onto the roof okay, but he had to wait for help.

"Antennas..." muttered Doc, leafing through the papers. "Burroughs lists 16,400 TV antenna accidents. But your friend Beech can't blame his ladder for that windstorm deal. Anybody who uses the top rung is begging for it."

"I may be a fiend with a brush hook," I said, "but with climbing equipment I'm a steady man. I follow all the rules."

"Even so, ladder statistics are against you. You clean your own gutters, of course? A handy fellow like you would. Well, Burroughs says 57,000 accidents came from cleaning, oiling or repairing gutters. Imagine! And if that won't knock you off your rungs, how about putting up and taking down storm windows? This little chore alone laid out 47,000 last year.

"And tree pruning... 33,000! And 32,000 get hurt repairing their own roofs. And 76,000 from painting the exteriors of their own houses, to say nothing of 31,000 from painting interiors. Of course interior painters don't have so far to drop, although as I said, a few feet can do a lot..."

"Doctor," I cut him off, "you're quoting these figures with too much relish. It's a grisly national tragedy, that's what."

## Do-It-Yourselfism is deadly

"AH!" he said triumphantly. "Now you admit Do-It-Yourselfism is a deadly business. You confess that it's becoming a threat to our very security? All the Russians have to do is sit back and wait for us to cripple ourselves, taking advantage of a fact well known in military circles: that a maimed person, who must be hospitalized and fed, is more useful to the enemy than a merely dead person..." (Doc was getting the bit in his teeth now.) "You agree that there ought to be some sort of Sullivan law to curtail this monstrous traffic in power tools, which are being sold indiscriminately to all ages, sexes and mentalities?"

Doc was practically out of control. I was glad to see Natalie come back in, even though it meant the bottle had to be put away again. She sniffed the air in the office suspiciously, then sat down, apparently deciding she'd better wait for me.

"Just look at the tool casualties," Schuyler said with ghoulish pride. "Out of a grand total of 252,000 tool catastrophes, 180,000 were due to power jobs, and only 72,000 to hand carpentry tools."

CONTINUED



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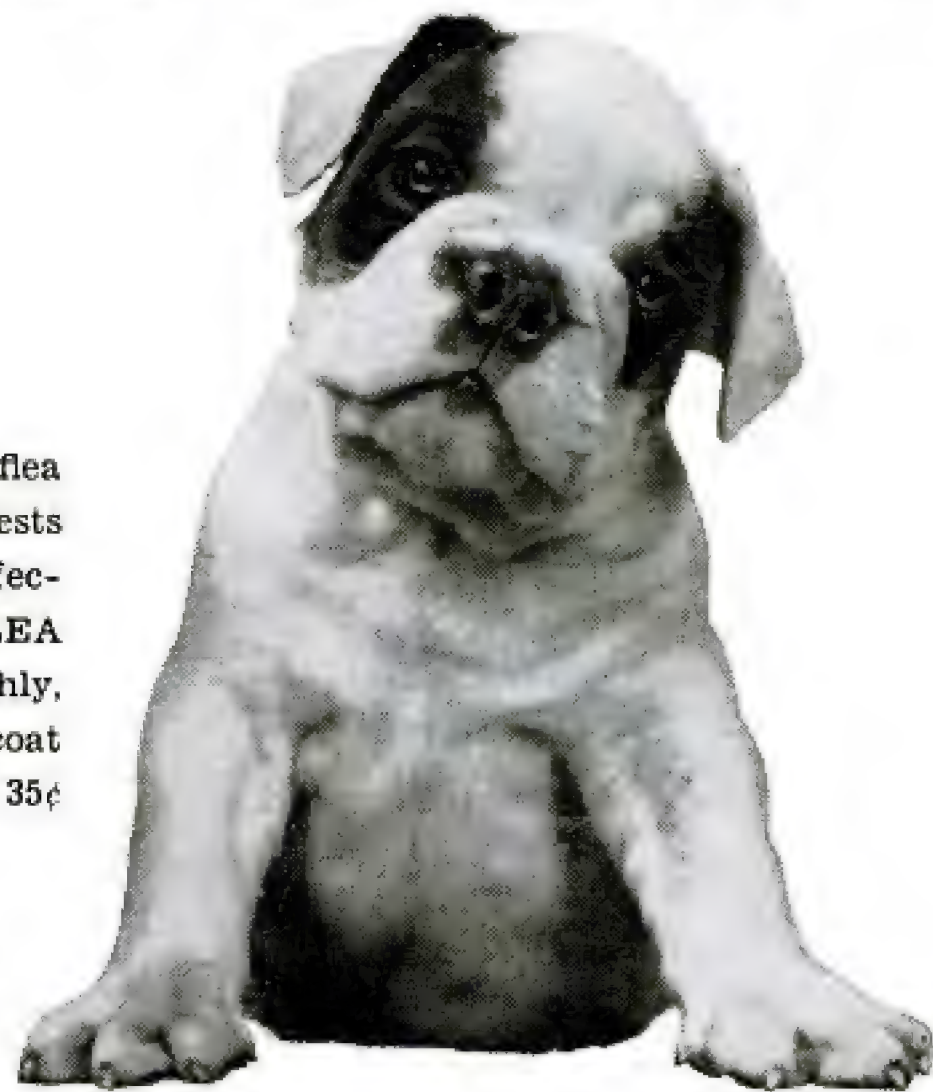
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- Unique new formula contains no acid—nothing to stop skin's natural "breathing"
- Cooling—glides over skin!

It's this summer's sensation! New Fresh Stick Deodorant! Goes on dry—without a trace of greasiness... without a drop of moisture. Non-acid! Contains nothing to stop skin's natural "breathing."

*Yet Fresh Stick is extra-effective. It won't wear off when you bake on the beach—under the hottest summer sun.*

You're protected—all day—even when the mercury soars to 90°. No danger of offending even after hours in swimming.

**Refreshing! Cooling!**

Fresh Stick feels refreshing as a morning shower... and leaves skin invigorated.

**"Won't spill or leak—ideal for travel,"**

**say vacationers everywhere.**



"The perfect size to tuck in my toilet kit. No messiness when you use Fresh Stick," says Mrs. D. C. Bartindale, New York.



"Fresh Stick protects me all through my busy tourist days—no matter how hot or rushed I am," says Miss Shirley Morningstar, Mich.



"The air-traveler's dream," says Miss Jeanne Smith, Mississippi. "Won't leak. Fresh Stick goes on dry. So speedy. So easy to use."

No other deodorant stick like it! Fresh Stick is the first and only full-strength anti-perspirant stick that contains:

- no messy greasiness
- no corrosive acid salts (that ruin clothes)
- nothing to interfere with skin's natural "breathing"

**NEW Fresh STICK**

ONLY 69¢ PLUS TAX.

Certified safe for fabrics by American Institute of Laundering



Fresh is a registered trademark of Pharma-Craft Corporation. Also distributed in Canada.



*There ought to be a Sullivan law to protect mankind against the menace of power tools.*

## HANDYMAN MAULDIN CONTINUED

"Nothing about brush hooks?" I asked.

"Probably not enough people get into trouble with those things to make statistics," he suggested. "It does take a rare idiot to hurt himself with a brush hook."

"How can you say that in the face of an item like this?" I demanded, pointing at the note on home glaziers. "If 95,000 people can maim themselves simply by replacing broken window panes, surely brush hook figures must run into the tens of thousands."

"Bill," said my wife, "if it will make you feel better to be in a majority, you do belong in the broken window group."

She was referring to something which was actually interior painting. I used to paint window sashes like any amateur, with a beveled brush called a sash tool, inching my way around each pane and using a rag to wipe mistakes off the glass. Then I got inventive. I tried masking the edges of the glass and laid on the paint. When it dried I took hold of a piece of tape and yanked. A ragged strip only an inch long came off, showing how the paint had soaked under the edges and glued the tape to the glass.

### A foolproof device

I WENT to a hardware man and suggested that with all the clever people painting their own windows, surely *someone* must have thought up a foolproof edging and scraping device. Yep, he said, showing me a 98¢ gimmick with a chisel-shaped blade. He told me just to hold it against the paint-spattered edge of the pane and shove. I took it home, held it against a pane and shoved. The glass flew out and shattered on the terrace, leaving behind one small shard which put me out of action for several days.

Finally I sought out a professional painter. "Ordinarily, I would never ask a fellow artist for a trade secret," I said, using the flattery angle, "but how do you paint around window sashes?"

"Why," he said, "we take a little brush called a sash tool, load it with paint and inch our way around, keeping a rag ready in the other hand to rub out the smears."

Natalie didn't tell Schuyler this particular story and I was grateful.

"Bill," she was saying, "you ought to help Joe straighten up here. This place is a mess."

"No, no, that's all right," Doc said. "He's kind of crippled. But we do learn from these things, don't we, boy?"

"We sure do," I told him with sudden inspiration. All at once I knew how to fix Schuyler good. "Why, I wouldn't help you even if I could. Right now I don't think I'd have the guts to wind a clock."

"What's this?" cried Natalie.

"The doctor, ably backed by a guy named Arthur Burroughs, has made my tools a nightmare. They've made me think of my ladder as a ropeless gallows, its rungs casting gibbety shadows—oh, Lordy, it *does* have a rope, on the extension part!" I shuddered.

CONTINUED



odor-free... frizz-free... trouble-free... as a wave can be!

# all new Toni

The most pleasant way to the most natural wave of your life!

odor-free! as a wave can be

all new FRESH AIR WAVING LOTION\*!



No strong ammonia odor! Think of it! No harsh ammonia fumes to fill the air and cling to your hair! In fact, so little odor . . . you'll hardly know you're having a permanent!

Costly ingredients never before used in a permanent make TONI's Fresh Air Waving Lotion the mildest, most gentle . . . yet most effective waving lotion ever created!

\*Patents applied for

frizz-free! as a wave can be

all new LANOLIN-TREATED END PAPERS!

Imagine how much softer your TONI will be . . . now that every curl is wrapped protectively in lanolin tissue from start to finish!

There's hardly a chance of dry, split ends or "first-week frizz" with TONI's Lanolin-Treated End Papers.



trouble-free! as a wave can be (and the fastest, too!)

all new 10 MINUTE WAVING TIME!



With its wonderful Fresh Air Lotion, TONI has never been faster!

All-New TONI's waving lotion action is complete in just 10 minutes! And, there's no chance of under-waving or over-waving! It's timed so right . . . your wave just can't go wrong!



all new NO-DAB NEUTRALIZING!

No more troublesome "curl-by-curl neutralizing! With All-New TONI you pour-over, pour-thru . . . simple as rinsing!

From start to finish, All-New TONI takes less waving-and-neutralizing time than any other permanent!

plus...NEW 2-WAY convenience!



for complete  
permanents

new **Toni**

Full-size bottle of Fresh Air Waving Lotion for a complete permanent . . . the most pleasant way to the most natural wave of your life!

for between  
permanents



**Tip Toni**

Small-size bottle of Fresh Air Waving Lotion! Perfect for "in-between" permanent stragglers . . . for bangs, neckline and end-curls!

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NO MATTER WHAT TYPE OF HAIR YOU HAVE—OR WHAT STYLE OF WAVE YOU WANT—THERE'S A TONI JUST RIGHT FOR YOU! VERY GENTLE—REGULAR—SUPER



Natalie glared at Schuyler. "Exactly what have you been telling my husband?"

"Now see here, Bill," he protested, catching on to my plot, "don't go off the deep end. I just gave you those statistics to show you the risks you take. The rest of Burroughs' speech is full of helpful hints about using ladders and tools without accidents. He says that if you really know what your tools are meant to do and then use them in the safe, prescribed manner, you'll be all right. You trust me as a doctor because I'm careful, I know what I'm doing and I've had plenty of experience. Same thing with handling tools. Here, take Burroughs' rules and learn to be a safe and sane handyman."

"No, sir," I said. "After I recognize a cobra for what it is I'm not interested in lessons on how to handle it. From now on my gutters and windows can look after themselves."

Natalie departed for our house by herself in chilly silence. Schuyler followed with me and the bottle of antibiotic.

"Your family will hate me," he kept saying.

"Let 'em."

"My wife likes your wife. I've got to live around here. Look at automobile accidents. Impressive as those Do-It-Yourself figures were, home handymen still haven't caught up with drivers for mayhem. Why, we've had the traffic problem for decades and we're still functioning as a nation. Besides, I'm not really getting rid of my machinery, now that I know how to use it."

"So you admit there's hope for the butterfinger battalion, huh? All right, let's see how well you can do."

### A safety-first climb for the Doc

At home I got out my extension ladder. Doc placed it against the house, I opened Burroughs' speech to page three and began reading aloud. Schuyler secured the bottom of the ladder with a stake exactly six and one half feet from the wall, or one quarter the contraption's total height. He checked his shoes for slipperiness, wiped and inspected each rung and climbed slowly and steadily, without sideward sway. I left out points 11 and 12, on the danger of ascending in feminine apparel, but otherwise I spared him nothing. He reached the top and returned without incident, whereupon I climbed while he instructed. We decided we were ready to tackle the master hacker, Gordon Wolfe himself.

Arriving at the Wolfes' with enough antibiotic to inspire Gordon, we spent the next two hours instructing him in the use of his tools. First I read while Doc stood over our subject.

"Goggles on?"

"Goggles on."

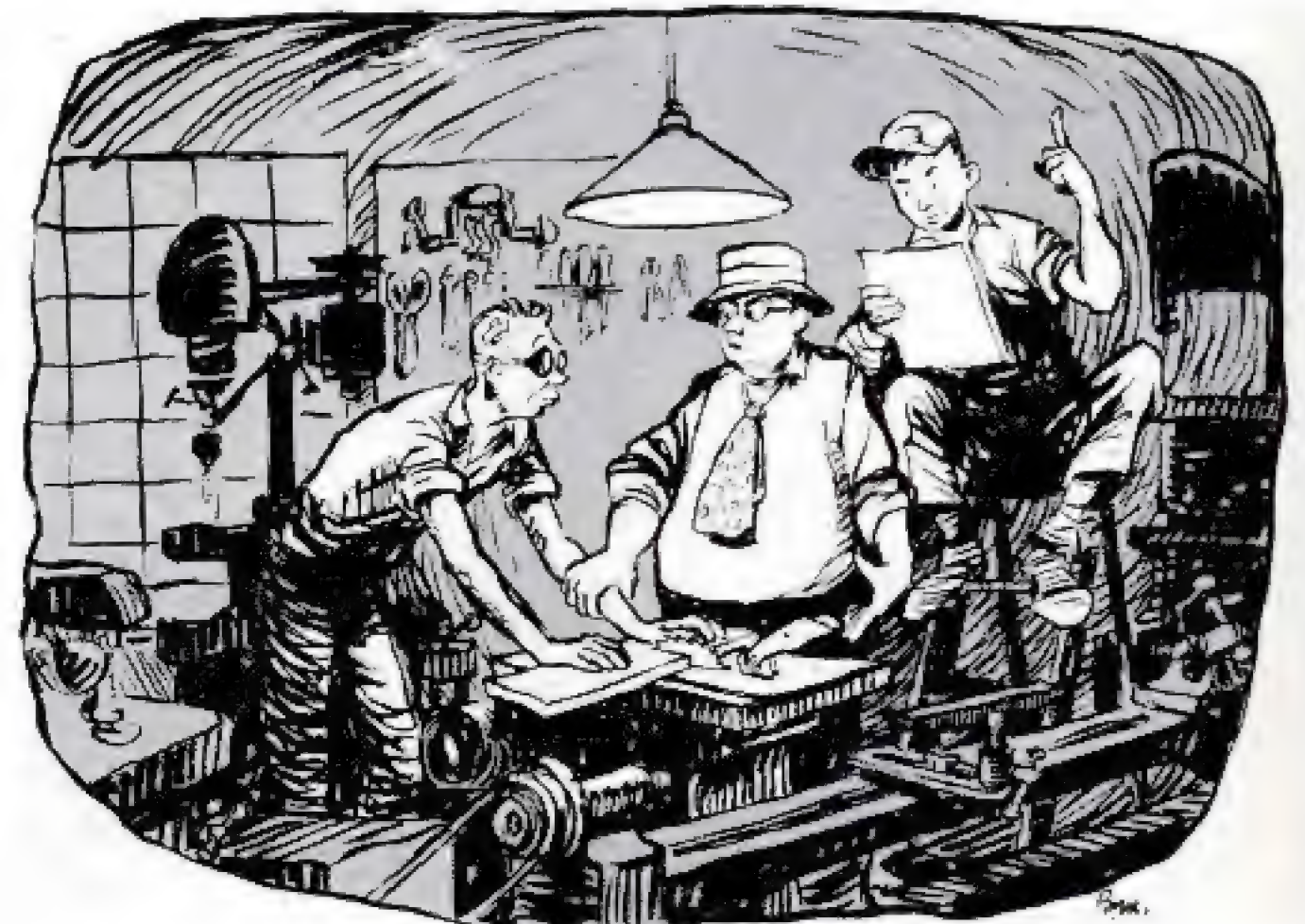
"Safeguards in position?"

"Roger."

"Attention focused?"

"Check."

We took turns, then, and by bedtime we had manufactured, sanded and painted a three-legged milking stool and a scrollwork music stand. It is a real tribute to Mr. Burroughs that we accomplished this without so much as a single splinter among the three of us, considering that when Mrs. Wolfe finally turned us out Schuyler was insisting that we get out his battery of tractor attachments and mow the county courthouse lawn by moonlight.



Fully supplied with antibiotic, the Doc and I breezed through the safety manual with Gordon.

Name your Scotch ...  
**WHITE HORSE**  
of course  
...if you are particular  
about your scotch.

Blended Scotch Whisky, 86.8 Proof  
Sole Distributors Browne-Vintners Co., Inc., N.Y.

**Now!**  
Spray  
it on...  
**COPPERTONE**  
Suntan Oil

### TAN SUPERBLY! TAN SAFELY!

COPPERTONE in the handy aerosol spray is spill-proof and unbreakable. COPPERTONE spray combines the sun tanning properties of cocoa butter with the skin-conditioning qualities of lanolin to promote a smooth, dramatic tan with complete complexion protection. COPPERTONE admits tanning rays... screens out harmful burning rays.



Don't be a Paleface!

Florida's Famous  
**COPPERTONE**  
Suntan Oil, Lotion and Cream

DOUGLAS LABORATORIES CORP., MIAMI 42, FLORIDA



# Delicious new dessert! Easy to make with Whipped Carnation Milk and Frozen Orange Juice! Only 17¢ a quart!



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It's Carnation, *the milk that whips*, that makes this recipe possible. No other form of milk will do. And it takes Carnation's special blending qualities to make it smooth and crystal-free. So simple, so delicious, so sure to be a success—try it!

**FREE!** Mary Blake's "Party Sweets" booklet. New ideas for festive occasions. Write to Mary Blake, Carnation Co., Dept. LM-75, Los Angeles 36, Calif.

**ENJOY** Burns & Allen, Carnation's "Contented Couple," CBS-TV, every week.

## CARNATION TROPICAL FREEZE (Makes 2 generous quarts)



Chill 1½ cups (large can) *undiluted* Carnation in refrigerator tray until soft crystals form around edges of tray (25-30 minutes). Whip until stiff; add ¼ cup lemon juice. Whip *very* stiff.

Fold ½ cup sugar and one 6-ounce can softened fresh-frozen orange or grape concentrate into whipped Carnation. Freeze in 2 small refrigerator trays until firm (about 2 hours).



GUARANTEED BY  
GOOD HOUSEKEEPING  
NOT AS ADVERTISED TWENTY

"from  
Contented  
Cows"

For better results at less cost, cook with Carnation—THE MILK THAT WHIPS!



# New Kleenex Economy Pack

More for your money

-and colors, too!

POPS UP  
ONE AT A TIME



SOFT YELLOW

PURE WHITE

SOFT PINK

**Now—a "400" pack  
of strong, soft Kleenex**

With this new Economy Pack you really save two ways:

1. You get 400 tissues (200 double-ply sheets). More Kleenex\* for your money.
2. The exclusive "pop-up" box saves as it serves one tissue at a time.

What's more, the new Economy Pack comes in a choice of colors—soft pink, soft yellow, or pure white. Today ask for Kleenex tissues—in the new Economy Pack.

**Be sure it's Kleenex**  
—the largest selling tissue in the world





**CAREFUL COMPARISON** between ore pictured in LIFE and ore found north of Sharbot Lake is made by Surveyor Elkington, who found uranium in area.

← **SPRUCING UP AGAIN** after three weeks in Canadian bush, Mrs. Madigan shows Anne Pelliteri LIFE picture of Canadian ore like the uranium she found.

## FROM CURLERS TO RICHES

### LIFE map spurs uranium hunt

Under a dryer in Anne Pelliteri's beauty shop in Akron, Mrs. Dorothy Madigan noted in the May 23 issue of LIFE a map indicating the presence of low-grade uranium ores near Sharbot Lake, Ontario. "Ha," said Mrs. Madigan, "I've spent my vacations there for 20 years." She was still thinking about the article and was receptive to any talk of uranium when, by coincidence, a few days later she received a telephone call from a friend in Canada urging her to come at once. A surveyor, Hubert Elkington, had found uranium on his property and wanted friends to stake out claims on adjacent land. Spurred on by the LIFE article, Mrs. Madigan talked two friends into accompanying her and hurried off to Canada. In three weeks they staked out claims which experts say may yield them \$200,000 each. Chortled Mrs. Madigan, "Some low-grade ore, hey?"



**SWINGING NEEDLE** on Mrs. Madigan's popular-priced Geiger counter delights some of the uranium partners assembled at mine by Hubert Elkington.

From left around the rock are Elkington, Harvey Adams, Mrs. Madigan, Mrs. Cliff, Mrs. Wileman, Gail and Reginald Elkington and Don Goodfellow.





**LEADING HIS BAND**, conductor from Murat Temple, Indianapolis parades before Wrigley Building.



**CLOWNING** Gene Tunney and Jack Dempsey waltz at Soldier Field, where they fought 28 years ago.

# SHRINERS' CHICAGO WINGDING

Ever since the organization was thought up in a New York City rooming house in 1870, the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine has taken second place to nobody in having fun in public. Last week 90,000 Shriners, who are made up of 32nd degree Masons and members of the Masonic Knights Templar, poured into Chicago for their biggest wingding yet. A final 7-hour parade blasted the Loop with 130 bands, 70 of them brass, 60 of them more exotic, like the musette-playing Syrian

Oriental from Cincinnati. Twenty-five thousand Shriners paraded with 650 horses, 23 jackasses from Idaho, seven camels from Wisconsin and a chicken from Kentucky.

After making plans for the serious business of raising money to support the work of their charitable institutions, which include 17 hospitals for crippled children, the Shriners broke up, leaving Chicago dazed but happy about the \$10 million they had spent there in five days. Next year's lucky convention city: Detroit.



**TUXEDOED SHRINERS** from the Syria Temple in Pittsburgh, Pa. march down Michigan Avenue

in the parade wearing white boutonnières that light up, carrying white canes and sporting white spats.





**A TOP SHRINER**, former President Harry S. Truman of Ararat Temple, rides in the parade with the outgoing Imperial Potentate Frank S. Land from Kansas City.



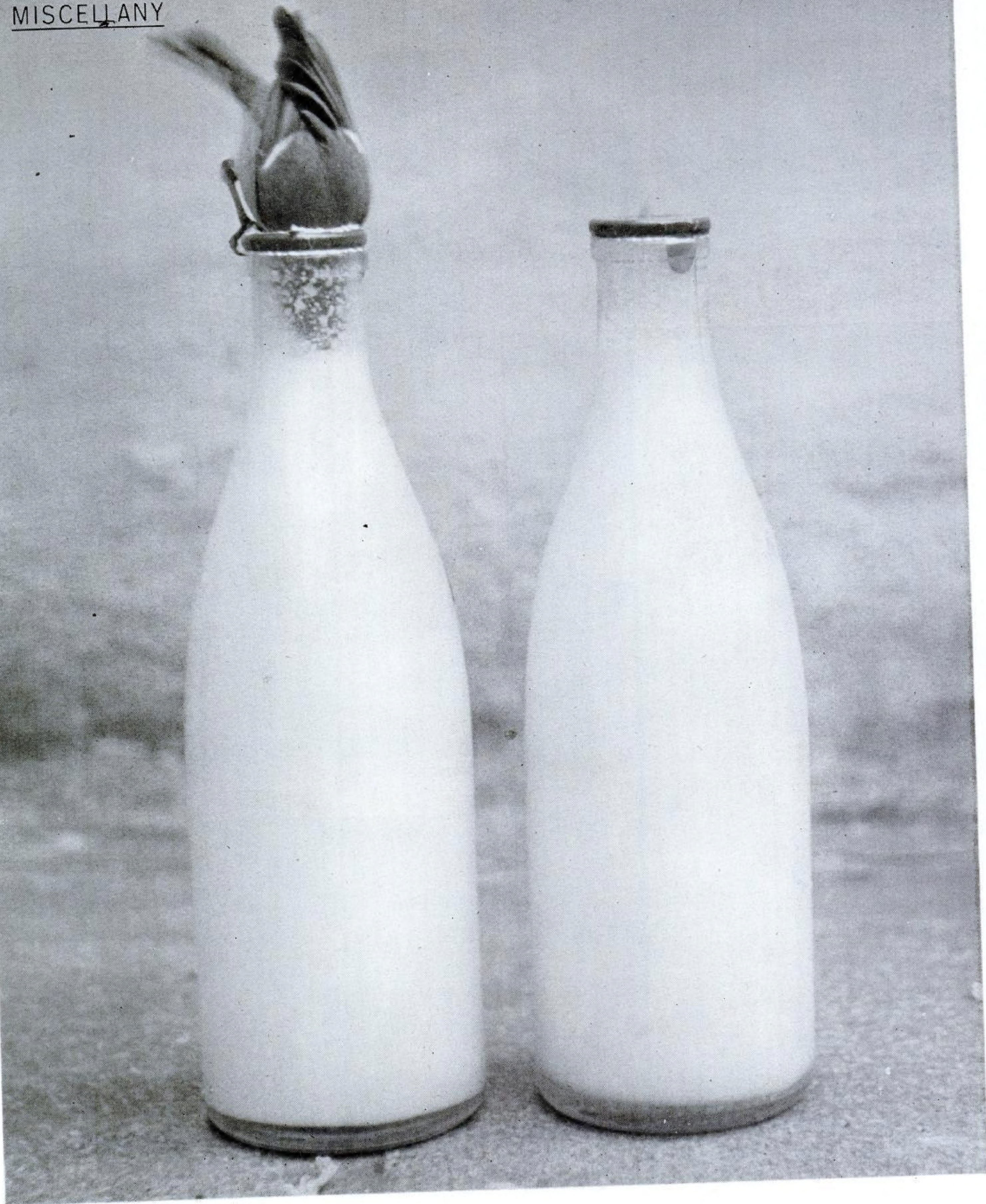
**PARADE EQUIPMENT** is lined up outside the Sherman Hotel before the show begins. Motor bikes are ridden by a special corps from Detroit's Moslem Temple.



**PARADING CHICKEN** falls in with an oriental band after it was rudely jolted out of its seat in the trick bucking car owned by El Hasa Temple of Ashland, Ky.







## BIRD'S BRAIN IN A BOTTLE

Lamon L. Glenn, a member of the U.S. embassy staff in Copenhagen, recently had a complaint from his wife. Each morning, while they slept, something was breaking open the caps of the milk bottles on the porch and stealing cream. Mr. Glenn put a camera on the porch, ran a 10-foot cable release through the mail slot and at daybreak went on sentry

duty behind the door. A few minutes after the milk came, a small bird flew down, pecked a hole in a bottle cap and drank its fill, unaware that Glenn was getting a rare picture of larceny. Nobody had told the Glenns about a species of birds called great tits. They are notorious milk thieves and Europeans have to get up early to get to the cream first.





When Gin and Tonic is the call...or  
someone wants a cool Highball...

*both taste better with* **CALVERT**

Just raise a tall, cool Calvert highball to your lips and taste the difference. You'll know, at once, that this wonderfully mellow whiskey is smoother — so much *smoother* going down.

And bright, clear-tasting Calvert Gin makes a Collins or a Gin and Tonic extra dry, extra smooth and delicious. Always call for Calvert Whiskey . . . Calvert Gin . . . and have them *both* when folks drop in!



CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY — 86.8 PROOF — 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLED LONDON DRY GIN — 90 PROOF — DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS. CALVERT DISTILLERS CO., N. Y. C.



IT'S A PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT: **PLEASURE HELPS YOUR DISPOSITION**

*How's your disposition today?*

**FEEL SCRATCHY AS A CAT?** It's only human to feel "edgy" when little annoyances pile up. But one help to your disposition is your everyday pleasures. They're really important. That's why, if you're a smoker, you're wise to choose the cigarette that gives you the *most* pleasure — and that's Camel.



For more pure pleasure  
— have a  
**Camel**

CHOOSE your cigarette for pleasure! Because pleasure helps your disposition. And more people smoke Camels than any other cigarette because Camels give them more pure pleasure. No other cigarette has Camels' richer blend of costly tobaccos. No other cigarette is so *rich-tasting* yet so *mild*! So, for more pure pleasure — have a Camel!

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co.,  
Winston-Salem, N. C.

No other cigarette is so  
**rich-tasting, yet so mild!**

